

PERSONAL  
EXPERIENCES  
IN  
LIFE'S JOURNEY

BY  
CONSTANCE SCHACK GRACIE

EDITION DE LUXE









To dear Mrs. Copley

I will write my Autograph, it will be  
laid on when I am absent:

Starry eyes beneath their fringed lashes  
may give a tender thought to

Constance Elise Grace.



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in

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## PREFACE.

This book was finally completed, after many urgent requests from friends at diplomatic and other dinners here in dear old Washington, as well as in Newport and New York; when the conversation would suggest and draw forth apt reminiscences of my very unusual opportunities during visits to my European relatives. On such occasions they would say: "Now, Mrs. Gracie, do write a book and put that in it!"







## DEDICATION.

I intended dedicating it to my two precious daughters, but my eldest was taken in Paris, France, my husband next, and now my fourth baby, grown to lovely womanhood—working in three canteens while her soldier husband was overseas. She often waited on four hundred soldiers a day from 7:30 A. M. to 9:30 in the evening.

Two days after her twenty-fourth birthday, the last day of the old year, her life was completed serving her country. Bearing a child, whose little soul she carried with her, safe into the Heavenly Life, into which she ascended in a glory of love. "None knew her but to love her, none named her but to praise."

There is a country where they form and cast one beautiful vase, then they break the mould, that there shall not be a duplicate. And so I regard *my three*.

Each was unique and stood out apart in beauty of soul and body, and they will never be reproduced! Yet I have felt blessed among women, that God should have deemed me worthy to lend me three such wonderful beings as my noble husband Archibald, the hero of the Titanic wreck; my beautiful, gifted, useful Constance-Ulee, and our Angel Edith, my beloved, unselfish, thoughtful wonder-child.

He has taken them all three and the baby safely home

to develop as disembodied spirits in the Heavenly Life, and to draw us nearer to that world to which our faith and hope will lead us into life everlasting!

While *we* are here retained to have the privilege of helping others in their sorrows and struggles, that they may see the light which we know is so far more precious than the fleeting light which goes out so surely in this sweet world of earth.

Now, this edition de luxe is simply for my kind and lenient-hearted friends.

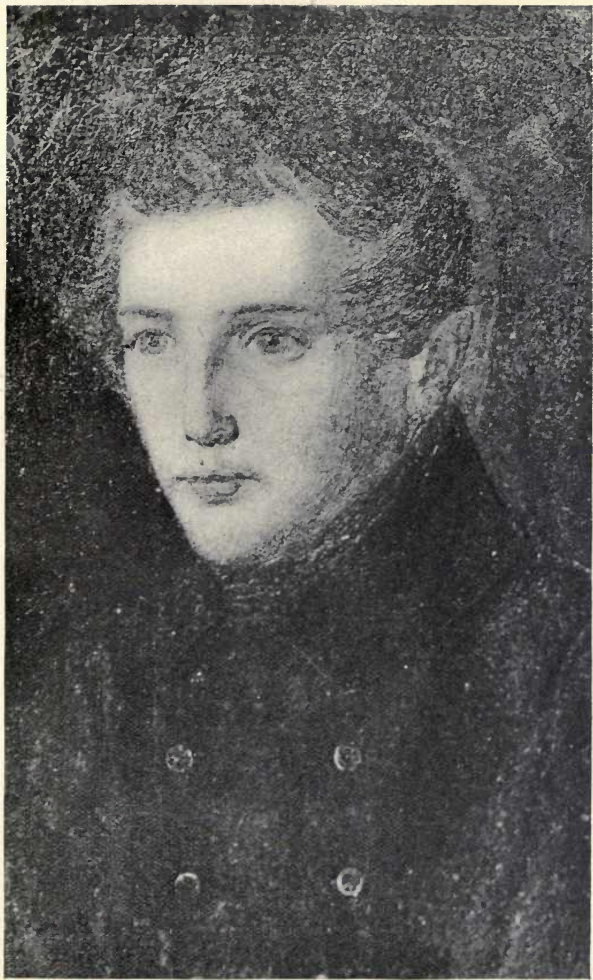
Theirs Sincerely,

CONSTANCE ELISE SCHACK GRACIE.





MY MOTHER ELIZABETH—MRS. O. W. C. SCHACK



MY DANISH FATHER—O. W. C. SCHACK  
Then Ensign from Copenhagen.







## CHAPTER I.

One evening on the slippery, freshly-washed deck of His Majesty's ship in Copenhagen, a young ensign fell and broke his arm.

The Consul-General to New York, Henri Braem, sought the young man's father, the King's Counsellor Etatsraad Gregors Schack, and begged that the gifted young officer (whose personality had won all hearts) be permitted to accompany him to New York, during the period of his convalescence.

Arriving there in due time, and in accordance with the custom of those times, he boarded with the family of Braems as did also William Meyer, the uncle of J. Von Lengerke Meyer, Secretary of War during Mr. Theodore Roosevelt's presidency. Said Mr. William Meyer left this nephew in late years upon his demise the bulk of his fortune, as well as a small legacy to my own eldest daughter Constance-Ulie Gracie, his god-child. She who gave up her young sweet life in Paris when released from an out-of-order, neglected elevator. A doctor out of the street entering, gave her a strong dose of ether just twenty minutes before the Colonel and myself returned home, and killed her. He exonerated himself, he thought, when confessing to her father and myself that "he did what he could, gave her ether to save her suffering pain," instead of, as I told him, plunging her into a hot bath to expand the compressed parts, some ammonia to revive her, and brandy to strengthen her, when she sighed with relief after being released by our butler, and looked down upon her little eight year old sister who was sure Constance-Ulee was to live and be herself again.





MISS CONSTANCE-ULEE GRACIE



## CHAPTER II.

At a ball, at the Countess de Dion's, the young Danish ensign met my gifted mother, Elizabeth Inez McCarty, named by my English grandmother after one of her girlhood friends. She herself being the brilliant daughter of Admiral Saunders of the Royal English navy.

Her two beautiful twin sisters, she told me, died suddenly of smallpox on their estate in St. Johns, Nova Scotia, where they first lived after leaving England; and where their cousins, the St. Johns, still live in that residence called "The Castle"—stone walls excluding passers-by.

On my "Vitrene" table are the miniatures of the admiral—my great-grandfather on the maternal side—taken at 40 years of age, in his light blue velvet uniform and gilt buttons, lace-frills, choker-tie, collar, wig, etc.; also the miniature of his sweet and smiling wife.

Her cousins then being Admiral Nelson, Admiral Livingston, and Admiral Dreyer of the Danish navy.

The fair women of England were always proud to unite with the noble Danes, and my own lovely mother chose a noble Dane in the late Otto Wilhelm Christian Schack.

His brave and gifted brother was Sophus, whose paintings were pronounced ideal and won celebrity. He oil-painted an excellent bust of my father, as midshipman, which is roughly reproduced as frontispiece of this book.

In his day Uncle Sophus' volume on "Physiognomy" was translated and sold in three countries—France, Germany and England—demonstrating the curious attributes in human beings of the animal they often resemble in their faces and phrenological developments.

Sophus became a great general at the time of the



Schleswig and Holstein war, and led the Danish army against Bismarck's Prussian horde.

General Sophus Schack fell, pierced with 32 minnie-balls. He was carried tenderly from the field to his residence in Copenhagen.

His Majesty, King Christian, hastened to the bedside to thank him for his great services, and he died in the King's arms. All this is printed and on record, as also the little book recording our Danish Minister's attendance later, during a year's period, upon Bismarck's pleasure, to receive the document as per Bismarck's promise to return those two islands filched by the Hohenzollerns. And at the close of the year, as our Danish Minister was ushered into his presence for the last time to receive said document, Bismarck deceitfully smiled, and devoid of dignity and honor remarked: "I promised to give back Schleswig and Holstein, but I did not mean it."





SOPHUS SCHACK, GENERAL IN CHIEF OF DANISH ARMY



### CHAPTER III.

On a Saturday morning in August, at a summer home, Elizabeth Inez McCarty and Otto Wilhelm Christian Schack were married, with a happy family in attendance, and they started off for West Point.

A wee, bonnie Lassie, arrayed in her evening gown, fond of dancing and all the joys of life, she stood between dances with one of the admiring young officers, and as he noticed her anxiously gazing away from him around the ballroom, he asked:

"Pray, whom are you looking for?"

"For my husband," nonchalantly responded the little girlish-looking bride.

"Your *what!*" exclaimed he, "And when were you married?"

"This morning," she quietly and proudly answered, to the amazed and incredulous gaze of her dancing partner, introduced by the commandant's wife.

She returned to New York with her husband, who took up his residence in a house where in later years was built the Ashland Hotel, corner of 24th street and Fourth avenue.

Her father, whose city residence, corner of Bond street and Broadway—then the most fashionable quarter—as printed in the City Directory of 1834, reads: "Peter McCarty," and his son "Saunders McCarty, gentlemen, landed proprietors."

They were spoken of as two of the then 40 New Yorkers who owned their horses and carriages. Being in direct descent from the King of Munster and Earls of Clancarty; whose Coat-of-Arms in a quaint little gilt circular frame,

hung for many years on the wall of my room at the right of my black walnut pier-glassed wardrobe.

We had the engraved picture of Blarney Castle on the first page of the family album, and my uncle Saunders (grandmamma said) forwarded a large sum of money through his bankers to buy back the castle and estate in Ireland, but Lord Dundlo, of the older branch, held it and thus it passed.

Uncle Saunders McCarty had six beautiful sisters. He stepped off and married the fair Miss Gardiner, only aunt of Mrs. Senator Wetmore, nee Keteltas; she greatly resembles her fair aunt.

After their children were born (Uncle Saunders being the oldest, 21 years of age, and my mother next to the youngest) found herself when a wee girl playing with her tiny nieces.

In later years, one of the French refugee counts, Count Jules de Dion, won their mother—then the widow of my Uncle Saunders—and took her, and her two daughters to live in the castle at Montford (on the Seine et Oise rivers), celebrated for its rare specimens of roses.





COUNT JULES DeDION OF MONTFORT, FRANCE  
Who Married My Aunt Mrs. Saunders McCarty.





MY AUNT "JANE" COUNTESS DeDION  
Who Came Over to Take Me Back With Her to Live at Their Castle at  
Montfort on Seine at Oise Rivers.



## CHAPTER IV.

To New York, from Newburyport, Mass., came one of its clever scions, Jacob Little, one of the oldest families from that town. His sagacity was marvelous; he won the title of "The Greatest Financier,—The Emperor of Wall Street," where his honored picture hangs in the Board Room of the Brokers' Stock Exchange.

A while ago, when I was down town, Mr. Borland pointed out Uncle Little's picture hanging on the wall. He carried the list of his investments and their respective purchase prices and values on no paper, but simply in his mind. He made and lost a million at a time only to make another.

Witty and loved by the family into which he desired to marry. His marrying a most beautiful young lady of lovely character, took place in Grace Church, on a certain date, to the exquisite Augusta Temple McCarty.

He drove off from the church in their equipage with liveried men on the box and standing postillions behind, admired by all!

She used to call forth glances of friendly admiration from her coterie of lovely women and men in their respective opera boxes, as she and her beautiful sisters, Mrs. O. W. C. Schack and Mrs. William Jackson (the three McCartys) graced her box at the time when they heard Alboni, Mario, Brignoli, and other great stars who reigned upon the operatic stage.

Early in the mornings Mrs. Schack was wont to play accompaniments to her and her husband's opera duets

from Traviata, Lucia and Semeramide, upon their Chickering piano. They used to liken my father's voice to the great Marios, whose marvelous tenor, without flaw, fascinated all souls.

My place at those matutinal practices, as soon as I was four years old, used to be under the piano.



**BROTHER RUDOLPH**

**In His Athletic Feat Curved Upward in Mid Air, With Limbs Attached  
Around George Montague's Waist.**





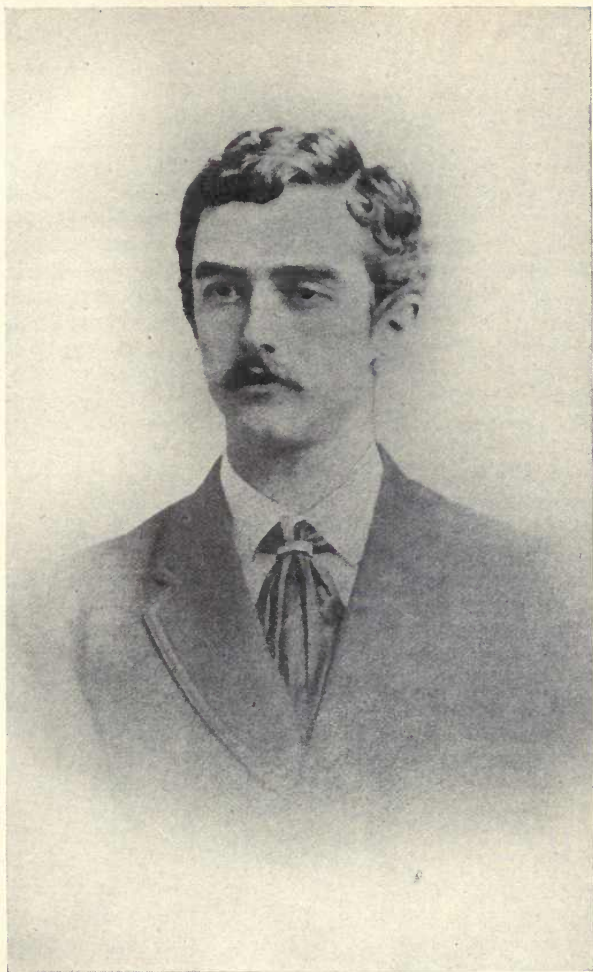
## CHAPTER V.

Mr. Howard Pell, senior, who was at Greensfarms, Conn. (before I was born), with my parents and my two brothers Rudolph Wilhelm, aged four years, and Albert, one and a half years old, delighted (they told of it after years) in teaching small Rudolph Wilhelm to swim. After a number of lessons and acrobatic trials, he took the youngster by the back of the belt one morning and flung him far out, yelling to him: "Now, baby; swim for your life." And lo! they say, the boy did well! I was a good sized child of ten when I first learned, and swam easily in a fresh water lake, and my sister learned to exactly imitate the motion of the frogs which she caught in her hands along the edge of Lake Luzerne, N. Y., where for two years papa had a cottage with a path going part way round that lake.

My pride was to imitate my athletic brothers in putting up their ten-pound dumb-bells, and curling my arms to please and to develop a visible muscle; for which, when thirteen, I developed a modest shame for possessing, and only on the sly went to the store-room, lifting a trunk occasionally to test my strength.

Every Saturday, it was our wont to go down to our grandparents' honored home, east of Madison Square on 25th Street, to greet them. To be trotted in childhood days on grandpapa's foot, while he sang to me pretty songs in Dutch, and he told me that his grandmother was a Coeymans, and that the Queen of Holland had sent the silver communion service to their church on their Coeyman's estate (ten miles square) south of Albany, which was a grant of land to the family by the king.

I recall my mother telling me several times, when having green-gages and egg-plums, made to stand in jelly "pound for pound" for winter Sunday night tea-parties: "Constance, I used to walk, not under one plum tree, but through groves of plum-trees on my grandfather's estate up at Coeymans, which they leased out on 99 year leases. Grandfather was one of three in a Tontine, the family fancied that he would die first, weighing only  $4\frac{1}{2}$  pounds at birth; but notwithstanding he outlived them all, dying at the age of 84. He was fine, vigorous, and a humorist, up to his last day when he slept away.



MY BROTHER RUDOLPH WILHELM SCHACK  
Marvelous Pianist, Songster, Humorist, Caricaturist and Athlete. Beloved  
by All Who Knew Him.





## CHAPTER VI.

Peter and David Coeymans were my great-grandfather and uncle on grandfather McCarty's side. His parents were residing in France, where grandfather was born.

His daughter, next to mamma, a lovely beauty as I regarded her when old enough to know her, had engaged herself to the superbly handsome William Jackson of Greenwich, Connecticut.

They told me, in the family, that the wedding was set for two weeks later, and, out for a promenade, the young couple thought it clever to go into an Episcopal Church close by, and they were married then and there; then returned home and kept silent about their little escapade, and had the regularly arranged wedding, all right, two weeks later.

After two years, business took Mr. Jackson down to New Orleans. It chanced to be at carnival time. His young wife and a year old son could not go down with him. He had been advised by his business friend's hostess to use two fancy costumes and change about.

The accounts from all sides were that some young dame in Domino *spoke* to him, and after he had gone up in a gentlemen's dressing room and was changing his costume, a man evidently jealous of an imaginary rival, stabbed Mr. Jackson from behind, who fell without a murmur, *dead*.

He was buried down there, but his unhappy young wife begged that they send his body up to New York, and again he was buried—twice married, twice buried. Then, sometimes, I used to just wonder if such a thing could come to pass that she too, my witty, pretty aunt, might ever be also buried twice.

Well, it *did* happen all the same.

When she passed away one summer—after a sun stroke I think it was—her son, Charles Augustus Jackson, a lawyer, wanted the McCarty family vault in Greenwood Cemetery opened to place her therein; but the Committee in charge there positively refused him, saying the vault was full and sealed! So, he temporarily placed her in a vault until he bought and had one built for himself, in which she finally rested.

So she, too, was twice buried!

My aunts were great European travelers, and Mrs. Jacob Little, whose husband adored her, and allowed her every indulgence, permitted her to attach her sister, Mrs. Willie Jackson, to her cortege, and with Salvatori, their courier, all was made easy.

If ought was overcharged, Uncle Little would briefly settle the query, "What would *you* do?" by simply saying, "Pay him, and never go there again."

If any one questioned his opinion as to finances, "What do you think about it, Mr. Little?" quick as a flash he would fire the question, "What *do* you think about it?" Unsuspecting his purpose of never giving his own opinion and immediately flattered by the great man's honoring them by asking theirs, they proceeded to expound their theories thereupon, etc., and when they again turned and asked him, "What do you think?" he'd explain mystifyingly, "Oh! that's *another* matter."

They had to laugh at his clever dismissal of the subject. Often he'd cause even his family to laugh at it—his non-committal, tantalizing responses, always the same.

When Aunt's (Augusta Temple, Mrs. Little) letters arrived from various stations in Europe, mamma would allow me to peruse them, and their descriptions were so vivid that I memorized them and later felt as though I

really had been in those places and among those people myself. So that after making my "debut" and mingling with voyagers who conversed upon their travels, they dilated upon them to an eager ear on my part, and, saucy as I was, I chatted on as though I too knew those enchanting scenes, always entering into their enthusiasm.





MY AUNT, THE BEAUTIFUL MRS. JACOB LITTLE  
Born Augusta Temple McCarty.





## CHAPTER VII.

My dear splendid grandmother McCarty had badly cut her toe which became infected from her black silk stocking and gangren set in. Surgeons insisted that the foot must be amputated to save her. Bishop Washburn was sent for from their beloved Calvary Church, and after the six daughters had knelt, encircling her bed, in earnest prayer and tears, the Bishop left them, understanding he might be needed very soon. Later friends heard him remark that he had never seen a more beautiful death-bed with those lovely daughters all around their mother in prayer.

My aunt, Mrs. Little, closed the door then and with her usual emphatic, though humorous expression, "The doctors are all a pack of fools. I am going down to our cook to make a hot bread and milk poultice." Having brought up a cup of the mixture and continued to apply it, lo! the gangren drew out to a head, burst, separated, and cleared out. The foot soon healed and grandmamma was once again about and active.

The doctor, then the bishop, dropped in to inquire, most solemnly saying: "There was no crepe on the door, why?" "Oh, madame is perfectly well again," said the trusty maid, and beamingly stated: "It was funny to notice how amazed and puzzled they both looked!"





ALBERT, PRINCE OF WALES

At the Time of His Marriage to Our Princess Alexandra of Denmark.  
From the Album of My Danish Father Otto W. C. Schack.







**PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF DENMARK**

When Affianced to Prince Albert, afterwards succeeded Queen Victoria as Queen of England, Now the Dowager Queen.



## CHAPTER VIII.

My Danish father, from the time I was three years old, sent me with my two big brothers each Saturday, to be seated close to the stage in the orchestra chairs, which he exchanged for his opera box, which he had for every night and Saturday matinees. Papa's purpose was to give us a true conception of the music, the Italian language, and a correct ear.

By the time I was six, my facility for catching those arias, and reproducing them on the piano with both hands, was amusement for me.

My father had named my brothers Rudolph Wilhelm and Albert, after the King of Denmark and after their beloved Princess Alexandra's husband, the then young Prince of Wales. When I sat beside my Danish father's desk, while he often wrote his parents and sisters in Copenhagen, he would laughingly turn to remark: "Little Constance, I was forgetting a word in my own language."

My brother Albert was studying instrumental music with a Russian pianist, Mr. Ricateau—as I also did when eleven years old—in the billiard room on the Chickering piano. While the large new Steinway Concert Grand stood in our large drawing room for musicales. Oh! but he was a severe master, criticising with the idea that it would spur us on to *merit* his enconium.

When fifteen, I felt far advanced and proud to have as my teacher the first violinist and leader of the orchestra, Herr Guppner, who taught my brothers Rudolph, Albert, and myself, the piano, thorough base and motifs of both Italian and German operas, etc.; as well as teaching the violin to my cousin, Lieutenant McCarty Little, later

captain in the U. S. navy and lecturer in the naval war college until five years ago, when taken ill while his son Lieutenant McCarty-Little was on the White House staff during President Taft's administration.

Dear Mrs. Taft had invited me to join her the following afternoon for an informal tea of twenty guests, and then (unconscious of my cousin's appointment on the social staff of the first lady of the land) as I was ushered in, lo! to my surprise, there stood my cousin in full dress uniform smiling at me. His father died after Mr. Taft sent Louis to Pekin to study the Chinese language, as he is such a fluent linguist.

Louis had won his advanced rank when *inconceivably thin and tall*, and when the gates of the "Sacred City" would not yield in answer to the United States ships' guns, Louis offered himself to crawl under the hole just made, with the fuse, I think, between his teeth. Quick as a cat, he ignited it! He said he went up four feet with the concussion, mentally saying farewell to earth; but the gates blew open, and he saw the Chinese (in horror at the desecration of their wall destroyed and strangers entering their city) committing hari kari as he came down again on terra firma, and gazed awe-struck on their awful custom.

## CHAPTER IX.

Aunt Augusta and Willie her son-in-law were both beauties of their respective sexes—and perfectly devoted to each other. His mother once remarked “that should Willie marry, if his selection were an angel from Heaven, she would be jealous of her.” She and Aunt Helen followed his navy ship’s arrival at each successive port.

Mr. Tom Meyer used to bring us news of my aunts abroad, surprising us by his returns from Europe, walking into our opera box, stating that they were the most extravagant Americans in their choice of apartments—no idea of the value of money—just periodically receiving checks from my father, the manager then of their estate after Uncle Little’s death. That they always gratified their wishes, be it in Cairo, passing the shops of the court jewelers, seeing them beating out gold into coin necklaces or chains, one of them with pendant design, open-worked solid-shaped moon and crescent—their national emblems—when she would exclaim: “I must have it.” “But it is for the Egyptian monarch.” “Well, make another! We are leaving Cairo tonight! The price? Here!” And lo, her beauty and naive persuasions always conquered.

I possess two of these wonderful chains which she presented me, her favorite niece, one from Egypt, the other from Persia, obtained just in the same extraordinary manner.

My lovely Aunt Charlotte Amelia Ten Eyck McCarty, in whom there was more marked Dutch attractive expressions than among my other aunts, her sisters, died suddenly after an examination requested by herself, as



she had never known an illness and felt as though from a fall she had displaced her internals. The physician they considered administered the ether too long, after which he pronounced the examination unnecessary as nothing was wrong. But the ether had (they stated) devitalized her blood, and she simply faded away in three months, gently inquiring from time to time: "Why do I not regain my strength?" Her devoted chum and roommate, Sister Marie Antoinette, mourned her loss so deeply, exclaiming that "she did not want to live any longer," retired to her room, took to the bed and died while I was in Pau, the south of France, visiting my mother's people, Major and Mrs. Charles Hutton, who, with Mrs. Lawrence and her daughter Lady Vernon, at that time did most of the entertaining of distinguished English, French and United States visitors to Pau.

The Hutton girls, my cousins, known as great "riders to hounds," had a fine stable of horses.

As my mother had written over to them to engage the best horse for me, I was riding "Lady Jane," the best jumper of all of "Pau's hunters." Lord Hoathe, then the master of hounds, rode back of me on a cross-country hunt (as all the horses ahead of me had refused a certain stone fence), he requested me: "Miss Schack, let your hunter 'Lady Jane' take that wall and all the others you'll see will follow easily like sheep."

True enough, they did. It was exciting!



MRS. MAJOR HUTTON, OF PAU FRANCE



## CHAPTER X.

On another occasion, when on the same evening of a particular day to which I shall refer, the Baroness de Longueuil of Pau, was giving a handsome dinner in my honor ("The young rich American niece of Mrs. Hutton" they told me I was called), we were to ride twenty miles to hounds, ten miles to Tarbes and return.

I had driven a high pony-cart early that morning to the dressmakers, and wearing a heavy criss-cross cord as decoration for style on my maroon cloth dress, and the *brake* handle standing upward, caught in that cord as I was descending. It held *me* in mid-air, and then, I crashed on my chin upon the pavement, cracked the under-chin bone, which the modiste bathed with hot water.

No time to lose, so I hurried home, donned my riding habit, and away in the cortege, flying toward Tarbes.

On our reaching the hotel for luncheon and an hour's rest, I heard that our best horse-woman, and the most daring, namely Mrs. Forbes-Morgan nee Ellie Robinson of New York City, had crashed over a stone wall and badly injured her face. I said nothing of my own matutinal adventure, but felt the gradual stiffening of my lower jaw.

Our ten homeward miles' ride accomplished, I walked to my room to dress for the dinner party, then sent the valet over to the Baroness de Longueuil: "Could she pardon my non-appearance, as I had had the morning's accident, that my face had become stiff, the flesh was turning yellow and green, and that she would, I knew, excuse my absence."







THE BARONESSE DE LONGUEUIL OF PAU, FRANCE  
Now Mme. George de Tuite, and Mother of the Young Countess de Gallilet,  
My Cousins.



Oh, the flattering answer! *But*, holding me strictly to "my duty as honor guest, and that I was to sing afterwards and electrify the guests with my beautiful songs."

Well, I donned my loveliest gown, I appeared, stood beside my handsome hostess, received the twenty-four guests! *My* seat was directly opposite her own, at a long oval table.

I had tried to pry my teeth open, now and then, to insert a bit of bread, or a taste of this or that, when a voice from opposite suddenly startled me by saying, "Why Constance, you are *quite disfigured*. Your face is swelling as I look at you, and it is yellow and green, poor girl."

"Yes," I mumbled with difficulty, now that all eyes were turned to me and ears cocked attentive, "I felt that it was necessary for me to come tonight in order that you could realize my plight."

The next morning Pau's honored physician examined it and pronounced me "negligent for not having it attended to by him that first morning and that now it would take that crack five years to knit and for the raised swelling to completely disappear."

Strangely enough, it *was* five years before I felt no more of a little raised line under my chin whenever my thumb passed over it.

But, ah! that was a famous winter in Pau! Many charming residents confided to me a fact, that no one ever declined my cousins', the Huttons', dinner parties in their "Villa Biltiere."

They were celebrated for one dish in particular which the ground-hogs of France root for, quietly followed by regular men who go forward and pick out of the earth, *truffles*, which, in plenty, the Huttons had served, *stewed*

*in champagne!* A toothsome dish for one of their delectable courses!

Their son, Harry Hutton, my Pau cousin, a general favorite on this side of the water at Tuxedo and Newport, as well as over there, crossed the ocean and reached New York two winters ago—his first trip since he was at Columbia College under Professor Thatcher, where he found difficulty in learning his studies in English, whereas, a most adept scholar in France, and in the language of that country.

My cousin Harry expressed dismayed surprise at his New York managers, not keeping their family property in downtown New York in perfect condition, when he was confronted with a wise response from my sister, that: "How could they expect them to keep up concentrating their interest so much on the property of those who never came across the waters to concern themselves in anything except unconcernedly spending everything that was annually collected and sent over to them without question?" It was amusing to note his ruminating thoughts, when he remarked before taking his steamer home, that he imagined that he would have to come over again, as, with his charming manner, and unconscious habit of washing his hands with *invisible* soap when in conversation, he bade "good-bye" and away.

His charming wife (nee Miss Post of Pau) was awaiting his return across the Atlantic. He informed us that the French government had requisitioned all their hunters, and carriages and horses, save two, as well as their motor cars.

## CHAPTER XI.

My father's shell-like finger nails of his quite perfect hands were always particularly polished by himself and never by a manicure, and which he especially perfected before home Sunday school for my big brothers, where I was permitted the privilege of sitting with him and reciting a few Bible verses and listening to papa's spiritual interpretation of the New Testament and its hidden parables.

The lesson over, he would lead me beside him to church and up in the choir where he sang tenor so clear and marvelously inspiring.

In the afternoons, often, Mr. and Mrs. Chester A. Arthur would come to our house and sing the "Grace Church Quartettes." President Arthur's wife had a lovely voice! He lost her before he entered the White House as the Chief of the United States, and lovely Mrs. McElroy, his sister, presided for him.

*How careless.*



## CHAPTER XII.

Mamma's plans were all completed for taking me on to Washington, when Aunt Antoinette was ill, and she allowed me to ask Mrs. General Pierson (nee Augusta Rhodes of Newport, who did not know that administration) to chaperone me.

Mamma gave me her personal letter to deliver to President Arthur and to Attorney General and Mrs. Brewster. Mrs. Pierson took another young girl, to keep her company she said, and sight-seeing, while I should be occupied with pre-arranged delightful engagements.

She seemed to invest me with something above the others as, while in the dining room, a uniformed messenger from the White House would be led to my chair with a note from the President or Mrs. McElroy, and stating that his gallant secretary, Mr. Phillip's, carriage awaited me to go to the blue-room for tea with the President and to sing "Faust," etc., for him. Then, through the conservatories, laden with enchanting scented roses. The carriage then conveyed me back.

On another occasion a sort of White House picnic, when Mrs. McElroy and the President's young daughter, took me up on the second floor and showed me their wardrobes and rooms so engagingly furnished, then off with their brother Allan, on top of his coach-and-four on a snow drive.

Many another uniformed messenger from Attorney General and Mrs. Brewster, who gave delightful picnics, lunches, etc., and when Senator Miller's ball came off, Mrs. Brewster brought me an invitation. My beautiful fancy costume of Euterpe the muse of music was expressed on to me (which I had for the great Delmonico ball among

our New York friends that winter) with its key-<sup>pattern</sup>picture in real gold braid with cerulean blue braid within on creamy white English ~~barge~~<sup>barge</sup>; angel sleeves caught up with a jewel on each shoulder, and my gold band pliable belt (which I have in safe keeping), a lyre of crimson roses and gilt strings, appeared for me to carry. So with my sandels tied securely, I descended to the Secretary's carriage to heartily thank Mr. Phillips for so perfectly completing my costume with his gift of the lyre of roses.

A short while ago, that same Miss Miller (for whom the Senator and Mrs. Miller gave the ball) who is now Mrs. Admiral Clover, gave the wedding and reception for her lovely young daughter, Beatrice, in Washington; and, as she herself sat down to rest, I asked her while chatting if she had her photograph in costume from that ball, and when she answered "Yes, indeed!" I said that "I have mine in a miniature, standing on my front drawing-room table, in the folding case, quite as natural as life."

## CHAPTER XIII.

I recall a ball in Paris, where Lady Constance and Lady Napier her sister, were dancing most gracefully with their partners, and as they stepped beside me I noticed that Lady Constance spoke only in the deaf and dumb language, whereupon I began to speak with her in the mute way, and inwardly thanked my Danish father for one day in the past bringing in a pamphlet of the mute language, handing it to us children, saying, "Learn it, children, it may be of use some day and we'll all try it together."

So, in my ambitious spirit, I mastered it, and, indeed, it brought me good luck with Lady Constance's influential mamma who thanked me enthusiastically for being able to converse and brighten the days of her sweet daughter who, when I asked her how she could dance so rhythmically in step, described it by saying that the vibrations came to her through her feet and thus up through her whole body; so that is one of God's provisional mysteries and marvels!

## CHAPTER XIV.

My father used to have beautiful dinners for young men whom he instructed in their coming initiations into their next higher degrees in Free Masonry.

How proud I felt to see him so tall and handsome, with his noble carriage and bearing, start out (after trying on his black silk gown and mitre as "High Priest of the Rosecrusian Order of Knights Templar, and Knight of Jerusalem, thirty-third degree attained") on certain evenings to be driven to his lodge.

One of his young men admirers told me one day how my father was wont to join them during luncheon hour in Wall Street, and instead of idle conversation, he would instruct them for their next initiation. "That he himself was not, but that Brother Schack was a perfectly pure Mason."







OTTO WILHELM CHRISTIAN SCHACK  
In Rose Croix High Priest Robes.



## CHAPTER XV.

My father never permitted a vulgar eye to rest upon his beautiful "Bessie" as he called her, so like the Danish ladies of his order, who were guarded against intrusive eyes.

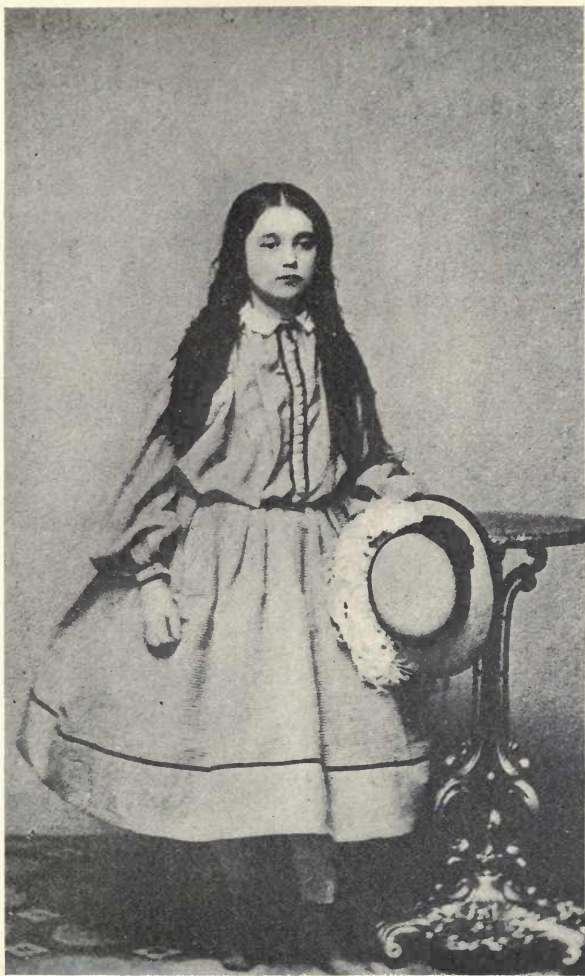
He never allowed her to go to a market, but took *me*, a ten-year-old, to market with him every morning, before he returned me home; or to my French school at Mme. Don Bernard's, after instructing me in the mysteries of marketing.

The cuts of meat, only the pure white asparagus like it was in Denmark; and when Farrington, the favorite butcher for Madison Square patrons, used to say, "Mr. Schack, you won't eat this green asparagus which you call 'grass.' Others don't appreciate the white kind, I can't sell it, and not less than six heads will the Long Island growers take for an order, so I'll have to send all six to you." Papa would take them as well as a half a lamb, at a time, to hang in his wine cellar to grow tender enough to cut up and suit his epicurean palate.

Then he would show me his wine cellar treasures: Chateau Lefitte, Chateau Margot, Chateau Larose, Mumm's Extra Dry, and Pomeret Sec, and Heidsieck and Ruinard Brut Extra Dry, and have me taste the "bouquet" as he designated the true flavor of his choice claret. In answer, I'd tell him that "it tasted to me just like ink."

He'd catch his forefinger with his quickly raised hand between his pearly teeth (it being against his thoroughbred ideas to laugh aloud) and simply beam a silent laugh at my originality. And when he would be instructing me in astrology or anatomy in a large chart-book spread out





MISS CONSTANCE ELISE SCHACK  
At Ten Years of Age. "The Ugly Duckling."





on his dining room table, or phrenology by the aid of a plastered bust on every bump of which head had a printed stripe gummed on it, indicating our various propensities and weaknesses which needed either developing or suppression through our given knowledge of it thereby, he turned and, showing his very deep dimples aside of his rich sweeping tan-colored moustache, exclaimed: "Little green fruit, when *will* you grow up and be my comrade?" That gave me an early ambition.

One admonition of his made a great impression upon me. He told us all that the way to advance spiritually and gain a lovely expression of face was to always remember when correctly to turn and thank our parents and to reflect upon their doing so because they were training us to become as free from faults and tricks of face and form as possible. And to make a point of never ridiculing others because those very same defects might be visited on ourselves, and *never* to lose our tempers, so that we would not have to feel sorry afterwards.

Really, looking back, I never heard my father and mother say a cross word to each other, nor my two big brothers either, who had their large room beyond the long row of intermediate closets; where I could hear them rehearsing Dockstater's minstrels' jokes, etc., for Christmas, family and other entertainments.

I never lost my temper to my sweet sister, thinking that I was setting the lovely looking girl an example. My! but I was proud of her, and was told by Papa that I must never let her know how beautiful she was "for fear of spoiling her," he said. So that I, seeing how proudly he used to look at her, fully considered myself "the ugly duckling." But without knowing the slightest thought of jealousy I'd pray God to show me how to make my father love me as well as he did lovely sister

whose name "Augusta" I stoutly took up to please her, and started the servants calling her "Miss Augusta" instead of "Daisy," as she wanted them to do.

I used to make the doll clothes for her various dolls to amuse her, so fond was I then of sewing; and how we enjoyed a troop of Swiss carved, good-sized wooden animals, wonderfully wrought out, and sent us by my "Fairy Godmother" as I dubbed my beautiful aunt, Augusta Temple, Mrs. Little.

## CHAPTER XVI.

I had played with rare coral and India shells in gilded lacquered boxes, seated at my grandmother's feet, often with wonder and love, gazing up into her clear brown eyes with a far away expression in them; seated in her crimson plush high backed mahogany chair, as she told me she was memorizing Young's "Night-Thoughts."

I recall so well, during the week I was allowed to spend at her handsome house, full of grand, big, solid mahogany furniture and pineapple-carved four-post bedsteads with their satin gathered overhead canopies and valances. Their blue-fluted plates at table, pretty custard cups, etc., from India. I was told by grandpapa that he had ordered them to be made in India, when his son who loved to travel and had plenty to do so, *sailed around the world!*

The crest was on each piece of china and they seemed to have a whole chest full of dishes: tall jars, plates, platters, fish dishes, gravy-boats, etc., which I used to peer at with wondering eyes.

Now, they are of great value, and in the family division of our mother's many treasurers, that set was generously sent me by my sister who only retained a few platters, saying: "With her own exquisite china collections" she did not need them.

I wish I could reproduce a lovely picture of my sister, with her little head shaved after scarlet fever. Shorn of her curls, her prettily shaped head was like a billiard ball. She seemed to feel mortified, but I thought she certainly looked the *cutest*.

At ten years of age, I was sent to Madame Don Bernard's French school, where not a word of English was

supposed to be exchanged between the scholars. At home, not a word of English was I permitted to speak as soon as we were seated at the table for meals, until we arose therefrom.

Euphrasie, the fine honest-hearted young French nurse, came for me each day at school, at Madam Don Bernard's on Madison Avenue, the block below our house.

I recall some one saying: "Little girl, if you want to hear a lovely singer at lunch-time, I'll take you into the next study room," and there on a desk among admiring schoolmates sat a tall oval-faced, slender-looking pretty girl, who sang with a lovely contralto voice. And the pretty girl's name they then told me was Ella Flagg.

Oddly enough, in after years, we met in New York society, to become great friends. She was married to Mr. George de Witt, a clever and popular lawyer. When I married and left all, to follow my husband, she became my sister's devoted friend.

It was so nice to find that gradually my friends became my sister's friends, so that they were never lost. But when I could go back to New York, and my now dead sister would give a beautiful luncheon and a handsome dinner in my honor, there would be my young women and men friends, just as whole-souled, loyal and happy in our reunions as ever.

After my sister was eight years old, she and I were taken by Euphrasie to "Mons. et Mme. Prevost's school," also on Madison Avenue.

Edgerton Winthrop had closed up the nice light open lots opposite by building a house for himself and his brother-in-law—Mr. Frederic Bronson, and wife (the perfectly beautiful Sara), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Gracie King, whose own country residence was at Weehawken across the Hudson River (in a feudal



looking brown stone turreted castle it appeared to my sister's and my eyes),—so each evening we used to run to the top of our Madison Avenue Block at the 34th Street corner, and admiringly watch the picture of the setting sun. Little dreaming that in after years I'd marry the cousin of our opposite neighbor, Mrs. Frederic Brownson, born Sara Gracie, now married to Mr. Adrian Iselin, a son of mamma's friends, Mr. and Mrs. Adrian Iselin, born O'Donnell of Baltimore, who lived in our favorite Madison Square, with others, Mr. and Mrs. Courtland de Peyster Field nee Hamersley, and Bishops and Abercrombies; beyond on 23rd Street the John Rutgers Marshalls, Wm. Schermerhorn, etc., etc., all in a little friendly circle.

## CHAPTER XVII.

All through our growing years, Papa had taken summer cottages for two years often at a time.

At Lake Luzerne beyond Lake George ours was called "Hazelnut Cottage" because of its grove of hazelnuts growing around our lake-walk, where I learned to swim in its clear, lovely waters, and my little sister would catch the croaking frogs in her active small hands and run up with them to the cook.

Mrs. Tiffany Dyer and I would cull the hazelnuts. (She lived on the adjoining place where her handsome father, Mons. Labau, much beloved by my father, and her mother, born a Vanderbilt, presided among the older contingents.)

She and I would climb the arms of the big pine trees overhanging the lake, armed with our pails of nuts, a paper of salt and two stones.

There aloft, we'd crack and eat the toothsome fresh green nuts in salt, and watch the boats of young couples and older people start out for a row.

My little sister and I, stealthily started out at five o'clock one beautiful morning to row across the lake, and gather waterlilies so white and fragrant. When, starting to row back, a shower quite drenched us, and at our wharf, there stood our anxious French nurse, frantic with fear, as our little young weakening hands and arms plied the oars to reach shore.

She did not worry our beautiful mother by telling her of our escapade until the following day, which was most thoughtful of her; but we children felt proud of those

lillies when they graced the center of our parents' dinner table that night.

Another year at our summer cottage and an advertisement from Patterson, New Jersey, took the eye of my father. It read: "Twenty-six cherry trees, as many quarts of strawberries a day, and vegetables all planted in the garden."

It proved, however, a cherryless year, and but four quarts of strawberries that summer, and because our cook discovered some enormous underground sweet potatoes or yams, and used some, the owner sent us a letter of indignation after our vacation. Ha, ha! for an audacious cheat he was great!

There, however, in the Passaic river, down at the foot of a steep hill, on the top of which stood our house, with lovely paths, I ran one afternoon to greet my stunning looking father as he appeared from town in his grey silk alpacca trousers, vest, coat and high grey beaver hat as they wore in those days.

A cry from way down below arose where our maids were bathing in the river.

"Katie is out beyond her depth, drowning!"

Cane, hat, coat and vest were instantly cast off by papa. He *threw* himself down the bank in a rolling athletic astounding way, and into the water he fell and plunged after Katie, our waitress, and saved her as she was sinking into a quagmire hole, unknown by us to be there.

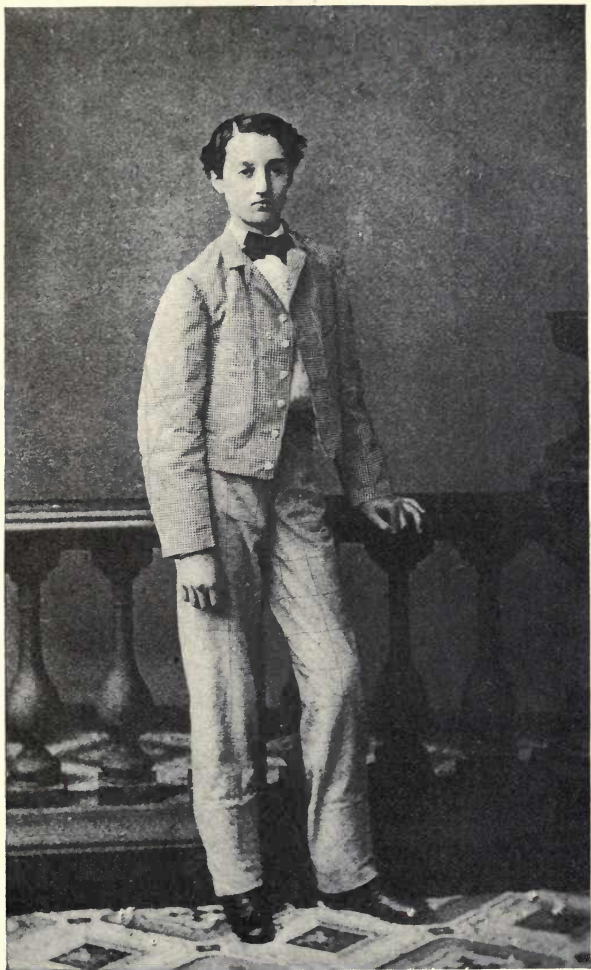
*How* I did adore him!

My birthday, the 31st of August, broke bright and clear for me the next morning.

I found papa searching in the garden for a rose, he had watched for a gift to me, and which he culled and

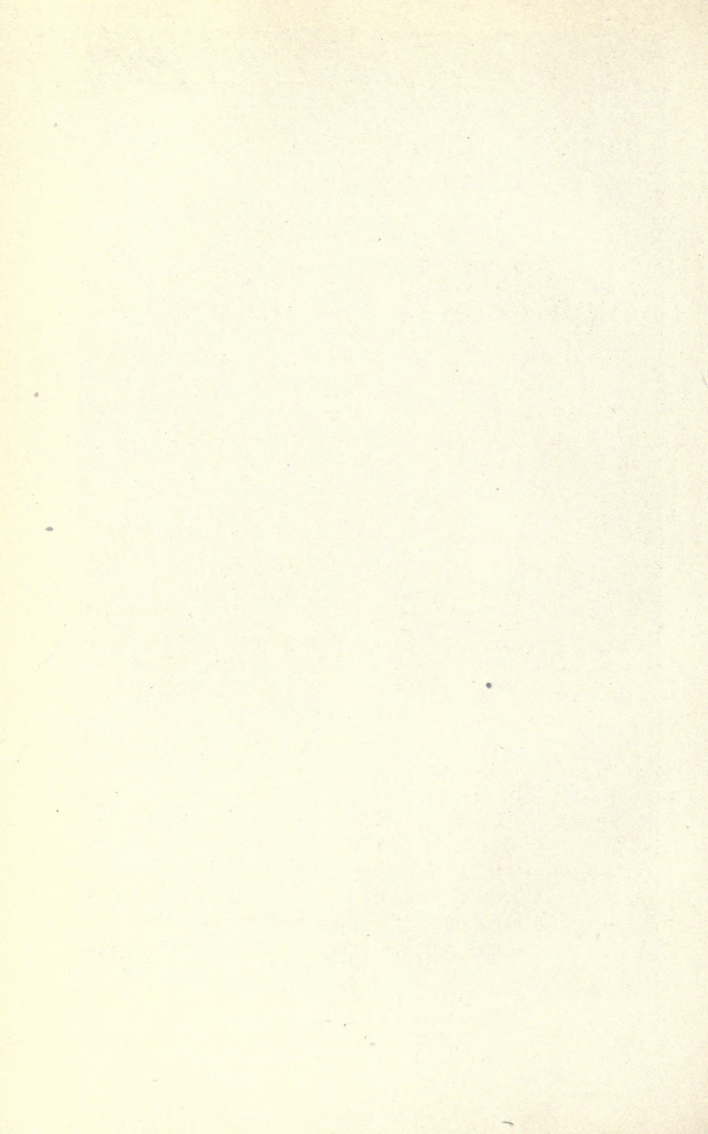
placed in my hand, saying, "Here, my little 'last rose of summer.'" His other birthday gift did not produce the thrill which his rose and words had done.

Oddly enough, in Patterson, N. J., my brother Albert was given a church in later years, after he took his ministerial course.



MY BROTHER ALBERT P. SCHACK  
At His Military Academy.





## CHAPTER XVIII.

Albert and I were always very religiously inclined and I, with my Italian at my tongue's tip, was greatly influenced in my enthusiasm of youth to join the Protestant sister-hood, imagining that I could be an Italian mother superior irrespective of my youth. High aims!

All this was through a girl friend, Manetta Gardiner-Thompson, god-child of Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix, rector of grand old Trinity Church, Broadway, facing Wall Street, which edifice stands an everlasting monument, beckoning the business men of Wall Street to daily prayer and Godly worship at noontide.

I was strong in my idea of going into the nunnery, knowing absolutely nothing of life, when one day I felt a hand on mine and beside my bed my exquisite mother, begging me "not to do so, that it would shatter <sup>her</sup> my life." That instant, in my appreciation of my being so honored by holding such a place in her heart, I laid aside all thought of the "Italian mother superior" idea and basked in the happiness of mamma's and my perfect understanding which existed throughout our lives.

My young girl friend, gifted in music, painting, and a soft heart for a young boy friend gone West to seek his fortune, fell easily into the Episcopal nun's life, playing the chapel organ for services; suspended in air on a painter's cot (a la Italienne) decorating with cherubs the ceilings and walls of said chapel; visiting other sensitive-hearted maidens within the nun's precinct. All this flattered and broadened her views which had been very narrow and severe so Marietta told me in one of our later year talks.

Her exquisite wavy Titian hair, cropped short, and confined unhealthily under those regulation head-bandages of the nunnery-order, had changed its loveliness to *black* in color,—so her dear loving mother told me while Marietta was on a visit to her.

Odd! Why do they not make the monks and priests bandage up their own heads in the same manner which would only make them bald a little sooner, than do the *everlasting brushes*, loosening the roots of one's hair; instead of boys being taught to comb it every night when the girls of their family always comb theirs before retiring. Instead the young and older men are persistantly brushing flat nature's gift of soft, wavy locks which were so effective in their ancestor's distinguished looking portraits. Young fellows take off their soft moustaches which, if allowed at first to progress in their pristine growth, after a few shaves of their *neophital* down would at sight classify them apart and above waiters and coachmen, etc., for which, in older nations the laws of distinction, order the latter "in service" to appear shorn of that adornment of the upper lip.

Our class of men when growing older, should not when turning grey give way to weak vanity to try and hide the sign of their passing youth, by shaving off the graceful moustache, for it gives a drawn look to their mouths and really ages them, with a flat expression of the upper lip.

## CHAPTER XIX.

My playmate sister and I had bade each other "good bye," after our last "tag" around those delightful tail doors and rooms on the third story, 173 Madison Avenue, our ideal home, where centered our happy childhood. As she once said of late years (while reflectively reminiscing), "Constance, you and I had an ideal childhood." She, now twelve years old went to Fort Hamilton with her aunts Antoinette and Charlotte, where papa who doted on her and her (to his critical eye) superbly developed head phrenologically promised everything wonderful.

He was able to run down to her week ends from New York, while too far away from us for him to come but twice, at *Sharon*, our destination.

Mamma and the maid had locked and dispatched our trunks, and papa smiled approval as we all were seated on the train, off for Sharon Springs, as a prelude to Newport, before making my debut that next winter, when I should have attained my 18th birthday.

An old bachelor had met me at the wedding reception and dance of one of the Depaus, in their wonderful galieried mansion, extending through from sixteenth to fifteen streets between Fifth and Sixth Avenues, now the New York Hospital, where, after my marriage (through my anatomical studies with my father, and under old Doctor Baner) I was allowed to work in surgical cases with the late Doctor Frank Markoe, dubbed "the Prince of Operators," a dear friend of my noted brother Rudolph Schack.

This old bachelor, while down town, heard papa say we were off for Sharon so he followed suit, and was on the train with flowers and bonbons. Mamma said after our arrival that afternoon, that he had confided to her, that he "wanted her to give him a chance with Miss Constance," but after my smiling as a joke at the idea of my marrying him or anyone; that I had not begun to fly yet, or compare one with the other of his sex. Upon rejoining the aspiring swain, she told him "'twas in vain, that I was too young for him," and while we were promenading after five o'clock country dinner-hour, he appeared with a long (though born-round) face, pressed my hand mournfully good-bye, jumped off the four hundred foot long piazza into the grass, causing himself to be observed <sup>by</sup> ~~to~~ all the hotel guests, and ran like a deer to avoid speaking to anyone, and disappeared like a meteor toward the side-entrance and off with the railroad bus.

Miss Emily E. exclaimed in hot indignation within ear-shot (not knowing then, how innocent of the accusation I was, for I had simply liked to listen to his older mind's accounts of historical events and the improving subjects with which he had always entertained me): "Fancy, little Miss Schack so heartless as to bring Mr. O. all the way up here to Sharon Springs for the pleasure of refusing him!"

I was always particularly nice to her after that, so that sometime I could tell her that my principle was to strive not to allow a man to offer himself, so I might not cause the suitor a moment's feeling of humiliation by "being refused" as girls called it.





UPPER: (UNKNOWN), DELANCEY KANE, CHAS. MAY OELRICHS,  
HARRY OELRICHS, (UNKNOWN. LOWER: WILLIAM WAL-  
DORF ASTOR, CAMPBELL STUART, JOHN HONE

At a Dinner Given by Senators Kean and Mrs. Griffin in 15th Street, N. Y.



## CHAPTER XX.

My devoted maid wanted to see me walk down the hotel stairs with my first train-gown on, and to watch how I acted. Mamma's error, I later realized, was in her dear fancy to bring me up with no thought of love of dress or to hear that word, but for me to simply stand up, mentally studying my next day's lesson, or memorizing poems of immortal Longfellow or the words of my Italian songs as my voice developed.

On said occasion, it resulted in that maid's utter disgust, at my reaching the last staircase step with no noticeable pride in my young-ladyish appendage. Upon my reaching the last step of the staircase, I was greeted by several waiting swains at its base. Off I danced, unconscious of any train (for in those days with a stiff buckram flounce underneath and around their edges no one held up their "train"), which moved in unison, floating gracefully behind us as couple after couple glided along to the entrancing strains of Strauss' and Chopin's ever engaging waltzes.

I had to meet and become acquainted with all the girls, daughters of mamma's friends, and as I had never known any, nor had I been allowed to play with any but my little sister and our nurse, then our maid, in Madison Avenue, unconscious of any invitations to children's parties, which were received for us by our mother. Neither were we allowed to attend dancing school, but were taught those very best steps by our graceful Danish father on afternoons in our long drawing room, standing up before him all attention, which we thought great fun. After my debut, it was given out to the young men that

none of them should ever join Miss Schack on the Fifth Avenue promenade if she were alone, not unless her brother or her mother were with her. And never allowed even at Newport "on the Avenue" to drive along with gentlemen in their tandems with groom behind or otherwise. Rather a strict order of things, but when asked: "Is it your idea or your mother's and don't you lose a great deal of pleasure, Miss Schack?" I answered: "My ideas and my mother's are exactly alike, and I have so many, many pleasures I am quite satisfied."

The Danes are most graceful dancers, and dance as long as life lasts at all their balls and entertainments, which are graced by a deferential mingling of old and young together.

Papa impressed upon my brothers and myself that his uncle was such a dancer and steady of nerves that at a Court dinner, as they arose and the waltz music rang out, he encircled the waist of his lady partner, and with the coffee to the brim of his cup in his other hand danced around the table, never spilling a drop of the liquid. As the other couples followed him, he gracefully returned his smiling partner to her seat, amid the hand clapping of the enthusiastic dinner company.

## CHAPTER XXI.

To go back. I had not acquired any small-talk when I first was thrown with the girls, and felt quite at a loss upon one girl asking me if I had read in that day's paper of a terrible murder, etc. I was ignorant of it all, and when my girl friends crowded around asking: "What do you read in the papers?" I softly answered: "The Diplomatic News;" for that seemed each morning (as I sat at my father's side after breakfast) to be the news of interest which my parents alternately read aloud to each other across the table as they were wont to divide the newspaper after completing that meal.

The sarcasm in the voices of those girls mimicking "the diplomatic news" struck me. I shrunk within myself, metaphorically speaking, mentally classing myself as a stupid little fool not to read about murders and thrilling things besides the subject which most interested my father, whose country was still engaged in strenuous efforts with Bismarck, the iron-willed Prussian ruler over all the Germans, for self-aggrandizement.

My uncle Sophus Schack, father's celebrated brother, the general of the whole Danish army (against this man with the heart of stone who stole away from us our two islands of Schleswig and Holstein), having fallen with honors, had awakened in my soul a swelling pride as I gazed often at his picture in the Danish uniform, which hangs in our corridor by the fireside.

These undercurrent thoughts were ever in my mind, and I used to wonder as a little girl how it would further our cause about those two islands when Bismarck should die. But his power was not to be ended by only his



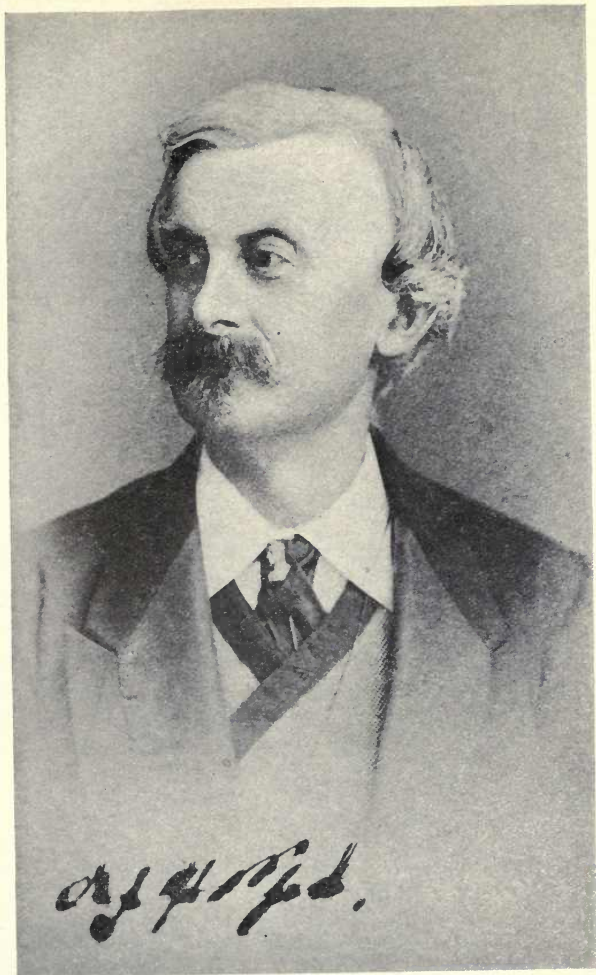
death! My childhood's wondering amazement was aroused by the present Kaiser ascending the throne, as one of his first acts was that of humbling and humiliating Bismarck by relegating him to his own domains and grant of property, away from the active life and power of diplomacy!

In the then young Kaiser, the intention of his own right to rule and dominate all and every one of his subjects under his own plans and projects, developed the iron-power he wields in these momentous days,—months lengthen into years. How long, oh, Lord!

Those fine stalwart German peasants, all led to the slaughter. No gentleman's mode of warfare—iron hand, iron weapons, iron balls—men of both sides the “ten-pins.” A game of soft tender flesh (many noble souls within that flesh) standing at unknown distances, receiving their shattering, or their mortal wounds, dealt from unseen hands.

No glorious warriors hand to hand dividing honors as in cultivated warfare from the Holy Wars, down to our Civil and Spanish Wars!

No, instead, savagery; “wooden heads and wooden hearts from babyhood” have been trained under that hardening influence to devise Machiavellian methods to *destroy*, never to create.



**COUNT ADOLPH SCHACK**

Became Blind. Papa Schack's Cousin Who Settled in Munich, Whose Celebrated Art Gallery Opened Twice a Week to Public. He Left it to the Emperor, Who Gave it to Munich.



## CHAPTER XXII.

A description of summer life at Sharon, in the face of stress like the present, seems suddenly puerile, but having begun, I take up my pen to describe many amusing and interesting incidents.

The first "afternoon cotillion" as was then the custom, in which dance figures were formed by a leader, in the center of the ball rooms, and so many couples taking the floor at a time.

The young ladies gave this one, and *I* was left out. Well, I did not mind, as I did not yet know them, newcomer as I was, fresh from my tutors and my music and singing masters. I had not even met but a few of them.

So I was pleased the following morning as one of two favorite brothers, sons of men of leisure, walked to my side, stating that the young men who had been invited to yesterday's dance had missed the sight of me and were giving a cotillion of fifteen couples that afternoon at five o'clock, and *I* was to lead with the taller and wittier of these two brothers.

When it came to the flower figure, for which the young men had purchased bouquets between them, I sat at the head of the large circular room in front of some empty chairs, and, to my surprise, as one after the other of the young men walked up and presented their bouquet to me, I, in consideration of other girls' feelings, placed some behind me on those chairs until thirteen out of the fifteen bouquets were presented to me.

Mr. W. F. who quizzically looked down at my pleased embarrassment, answered my questioning eye. I divined

it was the result of a preconceived plan on their part for the benefit of the other girls of yesterday's cotillion.

The girls learned to like me as cordially as I learned to like them, for each had an individuality and magnetism all their own. There are many of them living in dear old New York now, and very devoted in their giving charming dinners and luncheons in my honor, whenever I notify them of my going up to New York.

Those Sharon "lemonade parties," after evening dances, given in turn, in the girls' rooms *exclusive* of men.

Mr. Gardiner had asked permission of mamma (as my being the newcomer among the old habitués and their daughter) to present the specially tempting cake and 'ade, for my turn in giving that lemonade night party, "with the proprietor's family's compliments."

Such fun! We all sat around on chairs lifted up on the back of the bed all around the wall of my room.

Bright, amusing, simple stories, soft laughter, hospitable replenishing of the sandwiches, "'ade" and cake, um!—so good and refreshing!

The knocking on the door from teasing young men outside climbing up to the two high transoms (for their ceilings and doors were built very extra high), and notes playfully thrown over, causing little shrieks of amusement, all fun. And then a good night to all, and a quiet dispersal.

No one was ever disturbed by those young daughters' lemonade parties—12:30 was the limit.

My horse used to await me around at the side door, and one or another of the couples accompanied me very frequently.

One of my kindest and cleverest admirers was a young lady, Miss Louise McAllister, only daughter of Mr. Ward McAllister, author of "New York's 400." She knew about



everyone and everything socially. As I appeared at the side door with my five-feet-two-inches long hair in braids (which I used to cross and loop in front of my waist, worn that way so as not to pull on my head or uncomfortably fall about in confusion). Miss McAllister had told many to assemble there to see me. But they quite dismayed me at sight on my descending that back staircase, so I told Mary, my maid, to run and order my horse to be taken to the front deserted piazza. Whereupon a sound of scampering feet, and the crowd had all appeared, a snappy voice rang out: "Well, Sharon has come to a pretty pass when its guests will run from one piazza to another to see a girl mount her horse."

The great event, however, was Mr. Peter Marie's fancy dance, dinner and masked party at "The Sea House," and subsequent supper at the long-table which climaxed the season. He was very attentive to the cleverest of the older girls, Miss Charlotte Wise, our beloved and valuable promoter of so many noble charities in Washington, now Mrs. Archibald Hopkins.

At that affair I put a couple of small pebbles in my mouth, then I talked with an Irish bar-maid's brogue, and assumed a limp which seemed to please me keenly, though now I should fancy it a bit stupid.

Miss Ellie Evans told me later that she dressed her hair like my daily coiffure and imitated me, having numerous adorers at her feet, one of them she said "sprouting poetry."

Guests being all seated according to cards, now came a soft note of Mr. F's from way down the table. I blushing ignored it then, and also when the swain joined me in the Virginia Reel. Finally, ere we rose from that bountiful table, our most hospitable host read aloud a poem by himself, descriptive of each lady guest. The

beautiful Mis Sara Gracie King, Miss Beekman, Miss Kitty Hamersley (the late and beautiful swan-like mother of the present Mrs. Sam Hinckley), Miss Livingston, Miss Swan and Miss Wise. Mr. Marie's verse to the last name ran as below:

"Would you know a large soul, a bright mind,  
A garland of stars in her eyes,  
One magnetic, unselfish, most kind,  
Turn, enchanted turn, to Miss Wise.

"If we want what to Nature belongs,  
We must wait till Miss Schack rustles by,  
For the nightingale dwells in her songs,  
The gazelle in her melting brown eye."

Regretful not to have the other verses.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

## OFF FOR NEWPORT.

My handsome father appeared the previous evening for the purpose of escorting us safely through, and as I joyously left all my kindly congregated friends to greet him, and quietly returned to them later, Mr. James Cutting joined me (having watched my act) and remarked: "Miss Schack, you have never known a sorrow!" "Never," said I, brightly smiling at him. "It will come some day," he added prophetically, and a feeling of deep resentment toward him for what seemed a ruthless and heartless prediction, rushed over me.

I could not know how soon my beloved, ideal father was to be stricken away from me in my young life!

To Newport and the Porter Villa (called "the stone villa") to be met by my wonderful aunt, Mrs. Jacob Little. Mrs. Parans Stevens and her daughter, beautiful Miss Minnie Stevens, entertained most lavishly at that time and were very kind to me. Her daughter later became Lady Paget of England. I had an old time chat with her at our mutual girlhood friend's, charming Belle Wilson, then gracing the British Embassy, as Lady Michael Herbert, who phoned to me, on learning I had arrived in Washington during President Arthur's reign, and at once sent me an invitation by messenger to her ball for the following night. And what a superb ball!

Since that happy time her husband, too, has gone out of this life, though her sons are left to her. Luscious hot-house grapes, by generous old Mr. Stevens, were brought to me in Newport, because he liked my having filled their tableau of "Ophelia."

I, in my filmy tulle and silk gown and my waved hair down to the ground covered me, the wreaths of wild flowers in my hands, held over an imaginary sea, I was supposed to be bereft of reason for Hamlet.

The future Duchess of Manchester who married Kimbolton, Lord Manderville, nee the beautiful Miss Consuelo Yzoraga, was there visiting the Paran Stevens. She was often with us when they came up from their plantation in the South, and mamma was at the dinner given by Mr. Luckemeyer, a wonderful affair, in honor of Consuelo, at Delmonico's. In a tin, oval fern-flanked pan full of real water, down the center of the table, small swans glided on its surface, while music softly played, and pretty souvenirs were bestowed upon those happy diners.

The great Neilson also was visiting the Paran Stevens. In her winsome way with the young girls, she had one girl's arm linked in her own right arm, and mine in her left one. Sweetly turning her fine fair Swedish face toward me she spoke: "You must learn to love me just a little." That winter, as innocent Margherite, in Faust, and in her impersonation of pure, noble Elsa, in Lohengren, I felt in all girlish enthusiasm that I loved her "just a little."

## CHAPTER XXIV.

What a summer! Those swims, early in the morning with my aunt and mamma in attendance. A white *muslin mask* covered my pearl white skin, so careful were they that I should have no speck. My long white silk barege veil covered a huge white specially woven mohair sun-hat, lined with pale blue silk, and a wreath of wild flowers bent down at the side, formed my usual head-gear.

My walks, but never was my face allowed to be exposed to the sun's burning rays. Only in the house, at the dinner and evening functions did my white tulle gowns and my neck "vie with each other." So said dear Mrs. James Kernochan, with whom I stayed a fortnight, visiting her splendid daughter "Kate," now Mrs. Herbert Pell.

Mrs. Kernochan, a witty, generous and hospitable friend, always opened the Newport season the 4th of July, and on that occasion she introduced Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Walsh and their daughter.

Her last two vividly recalled entertainments (one in my honor, a large, handsomely appointed Sunday dinner, and later, a luncheon in honor of my daughter, Edith Temple Gracie), and Dunbar Adams' engagement, were the "last social functions given by our deeply lamented and loved Mrs. James Kernochan." Thus wrote a fine old chevalier habitue of Newport in a note to myself.

I recall once, while there in Newport, they had gotten up two plays, one a French one in which Mr. Beckwith and the daughter of a lady from England were filling the roles.



Also a Continental Play called "Mercy," the role filled by Mr. Parnell's sister from Ireland on a visit; she was tall, stately and prim.

'Twas written by Mrs. Dr. Wheeler, the daughter of the first governor of Rhode Island, Governor Lawrence, whose wife was "Miss Gracie," great aunt of my husband to be, but at that time I never dreamed I'd be in the family!

The time of said play was during the "Tea Act" and its being thrown overboard in Boston Harbor. The young sister-in-law of Captain Wm. McCarty Little considered the second part as too small for her talents and refused the role of the young ingenue daughter of "Mercy" whose young officer fiance leaves Mercy with outraged feelings and disgust at her serving tea the very afternoon of the "Boston Tea Act." Then "good bye" forever, and he disappears.

The second act opens—supposed to be after twenty years—and Mercy the widow of Comte de Liancourt, one of General Lafayette's followers, is out driving with Mme. Lafayette when into her house walks an officer, Mercy's first fiance.

The pretty scene as he stands (thrilled at sight of a perfect reproduction in ~~Male~~ Marie de Liancourt of his Mercy), he extends his arms, and calls her name tenderly.

"That is Mamma's name, I am Marie," which I related to her on her return from her drive, as I in my empire soft, silky gown (which had belonged to the Kane's grandmother and loaned me for the occasion, a black sash for mourning in honor of my father, the count), with a French accent recounted in the third act to my eagerly listening mother the recent scene with her former fiance returned to life and hope, till the tears were in both of



MR. HENRY MAC, SR., OF BALTIMORE  
At Newport. Assistant of Importance in Theatrical Play of Mrs. Dr.  
Wheeler's Play "Merdy" Continental Time of Boston Tea Party.



our eyes. "You are crying Mamma," I exclaimed, then I glided to the spinet on the stage with my singing master at the real piano facing me, hidden in the wing.

My voice rang out, my feet unconsciously beating time on the spindle pedals. I was frightened at the applause and the voices: "*Marvelous, bringing such sweet music out of that old spinet!*"

Applause continuing after I had withdrawn and I, feeling that I had finished all that I was called upon to do, and also in fear that my very particular and absent father would be horrified to learn that his young daughter had acted on a stage (even tho' 'twas in amateur), having always cautioned us that it would be a disgrace to his Danish family for a child of his to do anything in public. Tears welled up in my eyes, when I was persistently urged to go back on the stage and bow to the audience.

Mr. Henry May, a great friend of the family gently whispered: "Miss Constance, they are all waiting for you to appear, and there are also a number of beautiful floral pieces awaiting you, one a stunner from Mr. Peter Marie."

I reluctantly followed him out, and while bowing glanced over all the mass of Newport's society (whose heads looked only like balls above their chair-tops), and happily my eyes lighting suddenly on the three faces of mamma, Aunts Helen and Augusta, I spontaneously kissed my hand, smiling relievedly at them, then vanished quickly behind the scenes.

Aunt Augusta once back home, remarked with amusement, "What do you think! Mrs. Beckwith, seated behind me, when you, little girl, kissed your hand to us, as soon as you recognized us in our chairs, exclaimed, 'Too stagey for me!' Funny, wasn't it?"

## CHAPTER XXV.

Back to New York and our beautiful home, 173 Madison Avenue.

My sweet sister after our fond first greeting looked at me questioningly and sadly asked, "Aren't you going to play with me any more?"

She continued her schooling with Laura D'Oremieulx, now Mrs. West Roosevelt, Emily Agston, who married Dick Mulligan of Elizabeth, N. J., closest friend of Mrs. Admiral Clover, and who built with care a home at the corner of 16th and R streets, but never lived to occupy it; the Bulkley girls, now Mrs. Roland Redmund and Mrs. Prescott Lawrence of Boston; and many sweet young girls whose weekly dancing class she joined, forming a life-long coterie of most charming friends.

While I, with my daily tutors, the great Florentine Italian Master Rocchietti (pronounced Rukkittee), looking like a long-bearded patriarch, put me into Dante, he said "to make me think in the language." Errani, in his last old days of purest Italian method in singing, and Professor Frobisher in history, with mamma putting me through "Plutarch's Lives," Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico," "The Stones of Venice," to enable me to appreciate architecture; and Mme. de Staels' "Corrinne," that I might have an idea of the most polished ways of olden society, etc.; my mornings were always filled.

I very seldom read a novel, always selected by my wise and witty mother, and never have I read a French novel to this day, oddly enough. She did not advocate the existing French style, and morale therein contained.

I really never had any inclination to do what she advised against. Perhaps that is why my heart has always remained young, and, yes, happy throughout years of shadows, as well as sunshine.

One rebounds from the awful crushes (when beaten to the earth) like a Phoenix arises from the ashes, one arises purified and strengthened through faith in God's cleansing fire, that fire which is intended to clarify our vision into heavenly things and purposes. However, many resist, with a spirit of obstinacy, so strongly developed in many of us struggling brothers and sisters on earth.



## CHAPTER XXVI.

## MY FIRST RECEPTION—TO MAKE MY DEBUT.

“At Home from Four to Seven.  
Cotillion at Ten P. M.”

The splendid collations as given in those days, with a huge salmon covered with maillonnaise, pyramids of meringue filled with rich whipped cream, great dishes of jellied pate de fois gras. Mumm's extra dry champagne, and old Madeira; with all the little dainties and confections, furnished by Trusty, the then great caterer for Washington Square and Fifth and Madison Avenues' private entertainments.

Landers' Band had arrived.

The thrilling event was really starting. Mamma in her crimson velvet square necked gown, with rare old point de Venice lace and diamonds against her crystalline skin, was lovely. I stood beside her, a proud admiring daughter, loaded down with bouquets from the Howlands, Beekmans, Livingstons, Stuyvesants, Keteltas, Wetmores, and, oh, so many of the friends of my beloved parents. My aunt, Mrs. Willie Waterman of Providence, so fair, and together with the beautiful Miss Mary Keteltas, sister of Mrs. Senator Wetmore, were in the receiving line beside mamma. The last named Miss Keteltas often chaperoned me at balls, when mamma wanted to stay home with my father.

That evening's cotillion was led by Mr. Richard Irving, and seconded by Mr. William P. Douglas, the handsomest and most distinguished looking Scotchman, the most sought after in New York's circle of athletic and opera



MRS. BRADLEY-MARTIN

In the Gown She Wore at Her Famous Ball in New York City.



beaux of that day. He is my daughter, Edith Temple Gracie's, godfather. His own lovely girlish looking daughter, Edith Sybil Douglas, now Mrs. William Whitehouse, with whom I chatted a few months ago, and my Edith, are devoted to him.

He often sits wearied and discouraged by his illness, which no doctor can locate, though still witty and humorous. Handsome now, with perfect features which time cannot change, his soft white curly hair and well-trimmed white beard, always well groomed, he sits ruminating upon the mystery of it all.

His daily solitary walks do not reinstate his health and blueness oft returns to his heart, true blue to its core, and truthful in his soul as was my own noble husband. Few there be, and far between, are those who lie not, so says the world, and those two I have had the pleasure of knowing.

I met and came to enjoy the acquaintance of many delightful girls, who, in turn, used to give "stand up" luncheons of sixty of our own set, the tall ones with handkerchiefs around an arm would be the gentlemen partners. A leader would take out couples to form pretty squares and circles in the center before dancing to the music of Landers' musicians.

What a happy season, closing with Mr. and Mrs. Bradley Martin's ball.

I was around at their houses—that of her mother, Mrs. Sherman, and her own—to watch beside her (Mrs. Martin) as the two gardens were being covered over with awnings, strung with lanterns across the beams over an impromptu floor for supper tables, while the dancing was to be in their two ball-rooms. And such a ball! The brilliant hostess in her satin and lace, soft light curly hair, and dancing eyes—a picture of happy enjoyment of it

all; she always communicated her whole-souled glee, I may say, in whatever party she participated in.

Her dinners were par excellence! And the splendidly carved high backed oak chairs around her table inspired us with a dignity, as we seated ourselves on them to listen to the wit and merriment which flowed as freely as did her Moët and Chandon champagne.

Mamma and I had our passage taken for England on the same ship with her friends the Bradley Martins, but my Aunt Antoinette falling ill, and mamma's conscience as to her family duty being strong, she sent for Mrs. Bradley Martin. She passed that evening with us, and sweetly discussed taking me under her own wing on the steamer, and chaperoning me safely to London. After two nights with her at Claridge's Hotel, she gave a dinner there in her own handsomely appointed apartment (the table luxuriously decorated with roses which, she told me, she had selected at the large London market that morning while she let me sleep), which gave me an insight as to her marvelous executive ability.

She had planned taking me down to Balmaçan, their Scotch hunting preserves. But I postponed her alluring invitation, as she had to deliver me into the hands of my sister and her bride-groom husband (then on their wedding tour) who were to leave me safely in Denmark in my father's family with whom I was to reside. And who were anxiously awaiting my arrival in time for the King's Races.

How we traveled, and reached Copenhagen just the night before. In the starlight I noticed the tall manly soldierly figure of my cousin Julius Holmblad, advancing toward us aboard the little steamer which had brought us across between Keil and Kosor. That *was* a joyous meeting.



CONSTANCE <sup>ELSE</sup> SCHACK ARRIVES IN DENMARK.







MY SISTER, MISS AUGUSTA TEMPLE SCHACK  
Now Mrs. William Dalliba-Dutton, New York City.



We were driven in his handsome equipage with his cockaded coachmen atop, and footman behind with our valises, to the Hotel d'Angleterre until the bridal couple should start for Stockholm, then Christiania, and "The Land of the Midnight Sun," (where they became great friends with Lord Montague Guest and Sir John Lubbuk, who were up there for salmon fishing on their "preserves").

There was a thrill of realization that I had actually gotten my brother-in-law to *Denmark!* (He who had been educated in Dresden, Germany, where he used to study six hours a day at the piano, rewarded by possessing an exquisite touch, and his selections most lovely.)

He had been instructed in Dresden by his teachers to have a contempt for what they told him "was a little country, insignificant looking on the map." Thus had he spoken of it to me, and lagged behind in starting and traveling toward it, my goal!, which meant so much to me, from all my devoted father's teachings, and pride in that splendid country of science, art and wondrous collections. The great Thorvaldsen, our painter and sculptor, whose orders in Carrara Marble, came from all over the European world for figures, bas-reliefs and friezes around the tops of various capitols, opera-houses. Luzerne has the reproduction of his powerful marble Couchant Lion.

His Kneeling Angel, and Shell Baptismal Font, ordered for many cathedrals and in as many lands! His gigantic full-length statue of our Savior Jesus with hands extended in benediction stands in our Freu Kirke, the cathedral of Copenhagen. Now, also, in our own beautiful Washington, St. Thomas Church, it has been reproduced; its beatific marble features have an especial light upon it. It was marvelously elevated into an octagon hollow in the masonry, up in the arch of the ceiling, in front over the

altar, where one's eye cannot resist gazing upward as we sit in silent wonder and adoration. Episcopaleans do not adore statues, but we involuntarily invest them with the spirit divine, while dreaming of our Savior's life and deeds on earth.

Thorvaldsen's Museum, he had built with his own fortune, which poured in during his marvelously assiduous seventy years at painting, but mostly sculpture. The designs, beauty and historical action of which, causes one to stand in wonder from room to room as one moves taking it in.

Day after day did my fair, witty aunt, comrade and wife of her cousin Etatsraad Lauritz Holmblad, the King's Counsellor, drive up to that museum for study and contemplation.

## CHAPTER XXX.

## THE KING'S RACES.

I had selected in London a very pretty, black lace little bonnet, two lovely pink roses were nestling up on one side and lace streamers tied coquettishly under my chin. I advanced toward my cousins, as their equipage below was in waiting, while I knew I stood under inspection.

As their eyes lighted up, and the bright smiles seemed to pronounce me all right, I followed their lead, as out of their adjoining rooms came my beautiful sister the recent bride and her husband.

We started—arrived, amid a murmur. We were escorted to the box directly adjoining that of Her Majesty, Queen Louise. At a fitting moment I was presented by my cousins who were very close to their Majesties.

A sudden trumpet blew and my stunning looking cousin Julius in full uniform, with three other young officers, I noticed had rushed down the steps. Those four being on the King's staff, and were standing at attention at the arrival of His Majesty, King Christian.

He descended from his equipage and outriders in attendance at the base of those very steps. Everything was thrilling. There was pretty Nina Moulton, married to Baron Raben. Her Majesty had been so pleased over that marriage for she had learned to love the mother, born Miss Lily Grenough, of Cambridge, Mass., and my own mother's warmest friend. She had first married Mr. Charles Moulton, and was so often back and forth at my mother's lovely house at 173 Madison Avenue, New York. Weekly meetings of the Shakespeare Club, with Mrs. Barclay Parsons, Mrs. Montague Ward, Mrs. John Rut-







MISS CONSTANCE SCHACK  
At the King's Races, Denmark.



gers Marshall, and many others of our social leaders with their husbands filled the various characters, while the musicales with those of great talent participated there.

~~Mme. Moulton~~ Charles Moulton was the star the night of which I here speak, and I recall the tones of her voice, like breathing music over velvet. Ah! delirious was its enchantment, and I, a little eighteen year old, was to sing the Brindisi of "La Traviata." Mamma had so cautioned me not to fail, and saying "that if I should, it would be because I'd be thinking of myself," that, indignant internal denial of such a thought, spurred me on to do my darndest, and I did it.

Mme. Moulton, who had come from a dinner and depreciated her own singing therefrom, walked graciously and encouragingly toward me, saying "Child, you sang better than I did tonight, for my throat was full of dinner." She entranced us all just the same with her rendering of lovely songs. The following day, she and mamma went down to the photographers, and had their pictures taken. And each, separately painted, were fitted in narrow crimson velvet and gilt beaded oval frames, which were placed on one of our two front drawing room grape-carved Carrara-marble mantle-pieces.

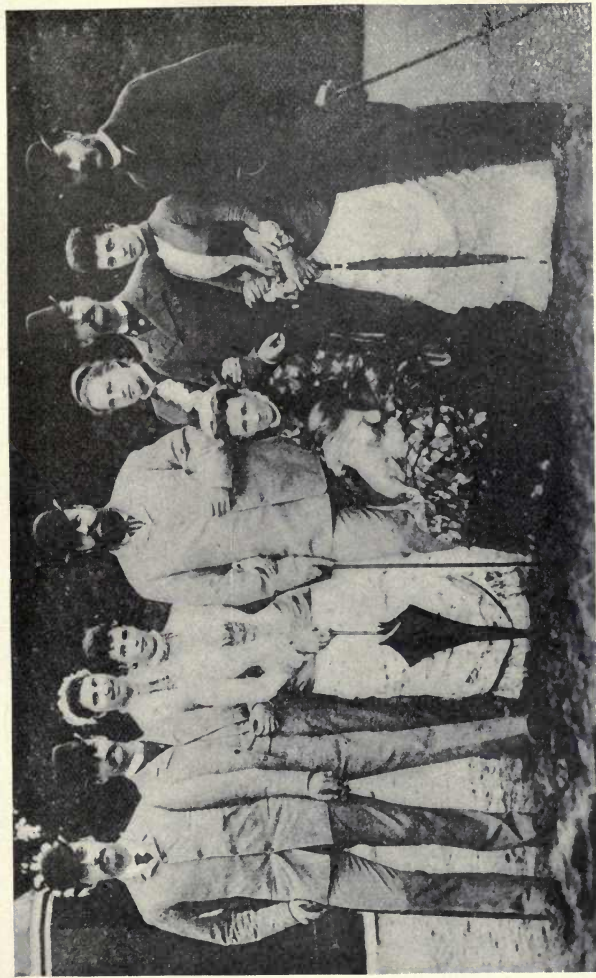
I have that of Mme. Moulton, left me by my mother, now reposing upon my front drawing room piano. 'Tis the one from which Mme. Moulton, now the beloved Mme. de Hegerman Linden Krone (wife and widow of the late minister to many large foreign countries in turn) has chosen to have reproduced as the frontpiece in her book called "At the Court of Napoleon."

For a long time, mother preserved Mme. Moulton's letters in which she announced her engagement to M. de Hegerman Linden Krone, saying: "She knew papa and



mamma would congratulate her upon her having accepted one of my father's Danish compatriots."

Mme. de Hegerman was at the Berlin Court when I used to receive letters from Mme. Gonzales de Quesada, wife of the Cuban Minister and resident in Berlin which city and surrounding country remains untouched by aeroplanes or gun-fire!



Left to Right: Prince Waldemar, Married to the Princess of Paris; Crown Prince Frederick; Princess of Sweden, his wife; Darna and the Russian Emperor, her husband; Our Beloved Queen Louise of Denmark; Queen Helena and King George of Greece; Queen Alexandra of England, with her devoted Father, King Christian of Denmark.







A MORNING RIDE THROUGH THE DEER FOREST



## CHAPTER XXXI.

## TO RETURN TO DENMARK—THE KING'S RACES.

My cousin Julius suddenly was by my side, informing me in an awful tone, "that the Princess Marie of Paris, our Danish Prince Waldemar's wife, is sitting on the race grounds smoking a cigarette with one of the officers. Horrible!" All spoken with his little Danish accent in English. How differently do people look upon such customs now!

Then, a cheery voice again beside me: "Constance, I have bought a horse at the King's races for you. You know I wrote before you left New York, asking you what sport you preferred, and you answered 'horse-back riding.' So, they say you are an Amazon on a horse—you and I shall ride each day from 6:30 a. m. till 8, through the deer-forest to the sea and return to breakfast of Quaa-brodt (Bonnie Klaber), artichokes fresh from our gardens, with whipped sweet butter from our dairy." Those morning rides—delicious breakfasts and lunches—artichokes twice a day—Danish soups!

*That diplomatic dinner—my first one!*

They had placed the Italian Ambassador on one side of me, the French Ambassador at my right, as I was fluent in five languages, for papa had had me educated to be beside him in Denmark when he should succeed his father as "King's Counsellor." But the real notice, when it came, mamma dissuaded him, with her dread of probably leaving for ever all her devoted relations in New York; to cross the then sixteen-days water trip over that North Sea, with small ships not then built large enough to

override the terrible roughness and seasickness so irresistible to nearly everyone making that crossing.

The recognition in my aunt and uncle's minds that I was equal to the occasion. That I was to make them proud of me aroused my mentality to a realization that now I must concentrate and lead the conversation to questions of diplomacy bearing upon their individual fields of work and interest. Endeavoring also to intersperse a few witticisms which I had learned from my French idiom professor Mauzer, and that grand Italian master, Signor Rocchietti.

My efforts seemed to succeed for my people patted me and said very pleasant things which had been told them by those diplomats. Dear old Mons. de Bille came up to welcome me, he being one of papa's old friends who had dined at our house in New York.

A very formal luncheon was to be given out at my uncle's villa on the Island of Amager, after driving through the court of kingly statues in front of the Winter Palace.

That next day proved very interesting. We were in turn passed the cream to pour on our compote or fruit of some sort, when a voice praisingly exclaimed: "Ah! she is my own darling child—she chose the right kind of cream—the goat's cream." Unconsciously had my hand taken the nearest to me, of the two silver pitchers with top of a goat on one, a cow on the other, held on a silver tray at my side by one of their lackeys in blue coat, light buff vest, gilt buttons, and white knee-breeches holding them toward me in silence.

So, I smiled confusedly at Uncle Lauritz way down at the end of the table, as I then noticed for the first time the goat atop the chosen cream jug, out of which I had



helped myself. That seemed to drive away all his fears that he had entertained against a Danish girl who had been educated in New York, as he said. I wonder how he would look upon the present license which the young girls now are allowed.



## CHAPTER XXXII.

Mons. Tietjen planned an expedition on one of his steam-boats. It ran all day and all night; a delightful trip to an entire mountain of real chalk, upon the top of which we all walked, and realized in a measure the vast resources therefrom, also its value and uses in the world.

The wife of the present Chevalier Kaufmann at the Danish Court (born Fernanda Holmblad, sister of Count Lauritz Holmblad, my cousin) was my companion in the stateroom allotted to me. Mons. Tietjen seemed to take pleasure in singling me out, and putting questions of moment relative to governmental and historical matters for me to answer.

I had to reflect carefully upon my answers, for they had told me that he was somewhat of a power and a clever member of their Chamber of Deputies. Julius informed me later that I had acquitted myself well with Mons. Tietjen, who had said: "Your cousin always reflects before she answers my questions, and answers very wisely and satisfactorily." So I smiled.

Our first visit was to my precious Tanta Marie, out at Amager, where she wished me to repair with my sister and her husband before they started for Stockholm and Christiana.

She led us into her superb rooms of rare art and china.

All down a tall cabinet stood thirty-two figures each a foot in height, baked in a former Queen's special Royal fabrique (since pulled down). These figures represented the various Danish costumed peasants of olden times; most interesting, for those Danish peasants were rich

and their clothes were fine in colors and materials.

Tante presented us each with a rare gift dater 1716-17, dated by mother to daughter on wedding days. Fine silver sugar dishes with flat curved handles, beautiful engraved silver sifters.

We regretted time flew so swiftly. The equipage was waiting. My cousin in full uniform called for me.

My sister and her husband were to follow as soon as ready, for he was *not* a Dane (that race is trained to be punctiliously on time) and my brother-in-law was inclined to linger in dressing.

Off I was driven with the cockaded postillions holding their finely-groomed steeds well in hand, when suddenly in front of a jewelers we stopped.

"Constance, you never wear rings?"

"No."

"Well, you must have one, it is the custom here." He slipped a diamond solitaire on my hand, which the clerk seemed to have all ready, with a little diamond and ruby guard.

I earnestly demurred, but so it had to be to please him.

"Julius, that beard must come off!" I had said the first evening when he came to meet us. And lo! that evening his chin was clean-shaven, and with his light brown curled mustache I found myself looking up very proudly at his aristocratic beauty and courtliness of bearing. He led me again to the carriage, and speedily arrived at the dinner party, given by Minister de Bille and his magnetic, attractive wife who was a New York lady.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

King George of Greece was expected to arrive in Copenhagen within a few days for his annual visit, and Cousin Julius, his aide (always during the yearly visit of His Majesty from Greece), was expected to be at King George's side daily and nightly. They loved each other like brothers.

At that dinner I well knew that I was under fire, so that I had to weigh well my answers and remarks; for they had all known my splendid Danish relatives, and expected myself to prove a worthy descendant.

I always awaited approval in Julius' eye, or a nod—for was she not doubly my first cousin, as Tanta Marie Shack (Papa's beautiful sister, herself a great court diplomat and most estimable) was married to her own first cousin Estatsraad Holmblad, the King's Counsellor, I told my Cousin Julius that I was so proud of him that I thanked God in my prayers that he was born my cousin, for did he not prove equal to all the many honors showered upon him? So young and vigorous brained. He was president of the Peoples Night School, also vice-president of this and of that institution. President of the Suhr's great bank of Copenhagen. When, upon his acceptance of this last honor, his brother-in-law (who had married Julius' "princess-typed" sister Therese) Count Robert Graverhorst Lovenstjerne, owner of the splendid estate "Wegeholm," remarked to me: "Constance, Julius has all these honors thrust upon him now. There will be nothing left for him to receive when he is forty years old."



**JULIUS HOLMBLAD**  
Called the Handsomest Man on the King's Staff and Always the Chosen  
Companion of King George of Greece When in Denmark.



Then Julius came to me and in a little annoyed tone exclaimed: "I told Robert—why should he rebuke me for charging myself with the many affairs I have undertaken—do I not perform my duties satisfactorily? You see, Constance, I love my duties and never tire." And so the matter rested, though at forty-three, from over-work, his heart artery, or rather the flap which falls over the heart, weakened and fell occasionally inside instead of outside, causing excruciating suffering. One night, in his bank office, his clerk reported that Julius stood with his back against the wall, arms extended, fighting hard by vigorous breathing to cause the flap to strengthen and drop correctly out over the heart-valve. Closing his private office door, that the clerk should not see him suffer, he had at five in the morning fought his last brave fight in silence!

I was married to Archibald Gracie who strongly resembled Julius, and living at Staten Island, when the crushing news came to me from across the waters. Julius was married and had lost his own and only little daughter, five years old, with diphtheria. As had also, my cousin Lady Steele, in England, lost her own "Tottie"—five years of age. Each having a tube inserted below the fatal closing throat web and each had succumbed, whereas a new treatment was given my own precious youngest daughter, Edith Temple, seven years old. When our giant Dr. William Walser, President of the Quarantine Health, tried the newest system on Edith (who had developed a terrible case of diphtheria from our new house's waste pipes built lower than the street pipes and filling my children's basement gymnasium with fumes), I plunged Edith into a hot bath which opened her pores, enabling her thus to breathe instead of through the remaining pin-hole opening of the fast closing throat web.



Dr. Townsend "pinioned" her arms,—after a hot glass of milk which she slowly imbibed—Walser's long fingers plunged down her throat, tore the entire web out, and quickly inserted a tube through which the child readily breathed. While for ten days the poisonous mucous passed out of her lips, which she wiped away with little squares of cheese cloth until quite well.

Julius had received photographs of my Constance-Ulee, holding beside her the little Edith Temple, both so hardy looking; and Julius had enviously written: "Constance, you have such splendid children!"

Ah! well, one of the great lights of my life seemed to go out at the news of his having left this world. Sometimes I seem to feel his presence, as I do that of my wonderful Archibald; of my adored father (whom those two both greatly resembled); my mother; my Constance-Ulee, and dear Miss Ketellas of whom I dream sometimes. She was so unselfish and a great character, so good to me, and chaperoned me devotedly at many a beautiful ball given by the Wells, the Rives of Washington Square, the Ward-McAllisters; fancy balls at Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish's the Edward Tailors, and the James Kernochans.

Delmonico's then was the only celebrated "assembly" and ballroom building, with its succession of long pier glasses, encircling the dancing room, around which it was the graceful custom of the numerous couples attired in their handsomest (all girls wore circular trains sweeping the floor) to promenade two and two all round the ballroom between dances, seeing their bright reflections as they walked.



MRS. STYVESANT FISH

Daughter of Judge Anthon, the latter a dear friend of O. W. C. Schack,  
Mrs. Gracie's Father.



## CHAPTER XXXIV.

Back to Denmark—a party to Tivoli—wonderful Tivoli!

The Rauschbaum first, after making a short tour to note each large booth, and its attractions.

That was the very first I had seen of the swift running boats over spring-boards up and down heights, then up again, filled with people in mad delight at the very daring of it and exhilaration 'till the boats came to their stopping places.

We listened to concerts of perfectly attuned and finely played instruments, watching the batons of their leaders waving time in the rendering of Liszt, of Chopin, of Verdi Bellini and Rossini, in his Merry Operas, and so on. The marvelous cantatrices, giving their concerts in the canvas-covered summer tents. Passing on to a fourth booth to find the delicious afternoon sandwiches of tiny, raw fish, seasoned rare cheeses, finely flavored tea, or other beverages, very refreshing, though not inebriating, and away—looking forward, in our hopes, to many more such treats of an afternoon. The evenings passed out there were quite as great a summer's entertainment.

Another day—off in the second story seats in the forest trolley. Long seats back to back, extending the length of the car, with the tree branches brushing our cheeks, as we went out to the bathing place “Marienbad,” where one had a fine swim, dressed, walked to the stone cemented pyramid, topped with growing plants and flowers, built as a tribute to the great English Shakespeare's character and creation, that oft visited monument named “Hamlet's grave.” After which interesting experience one dines in their respective party, amid rich foliage of

plants, at tables well served by uniformed waiters, with entrancing strains of music filling one's ears, till they must fain have a dance in the ballroom with its open windows, before the homeward trip is contemplated.

The next day out to the palace in the lake where the king in those days had been careful of the kingdom's coffers. He had a strong room built below his private study, where, in the floor, was a moveable square, and he would pour the gold down into the room below for safe-keeping.

The appointments were most royal, and as we were led into the magnificent cathedral adjoining, a baptism of some wonderful child was taking place.

The priest was in fine lace and crimson robes, while the altar was shown us particularly as being in pure ivory, a marvel of art, fine work and beauty.

Back to shore we were conveyed, and gazing as we sailed away from that great pile of architecture in the center of the lake, we were depely impressed.

Then we were shown the cathedral in which Robert Count Gravenhorst and Cousin Therese Holmblad were married. Its spiral outside staircase pointed out to me with its hundreds of steps round and round, I dared to walk up to the top pinnacle. I wound up those steps, never allowing my eyes to look down till I stood aloft in triumph, gazing over that most truly beautiful land. How my heart swelled with pride as I viewed it and felt that the blood of pure noble Danes flowed in my veins.

Another day we walked within and up the great tower of broad staircases up which King Frederick drove his four horses abreast, so said the legend. It is told as actual fact, and I firmly believe it, since I inspected that celebrated Danish wonder of construction with my own eyes.

The building is in the heart of the City of Copenhagen.





MISS CONSTANCE SCHACK AND HER COUSIN JULIUS HOLMBLAD IN  
CHARLOTTENLUND, DENMARK, ON A PICNIC





## CHAPTER XXXV.

Lo Rosenberg palace, which has been made into a museum containing most valuable collections of the belongings of all the past crowned heads—dresses, jewels, and weapons.

There were the blood-stained uniform, covered with lace, and accoutrements of King Christian II. The solid silver arm-chair with high back and flowered edges, settee, and tall standing fire screen, all wrought in fanciful designs by hand in the solid silver—wonderful!

Scientists have pronounced Denmark possesses the greatest productions and results. In science, most scientific; in arts, most glorious; in music, equal to the loved Norwegian composer, Grieg, whose sweet compositions I memorized, though his songs, my critic Tante Marie Holmblad pronounced cold and not soul inspiring.

Charlottenbund was the forest "Tea House," a former summer palace. A party there we made—a picnic, too; where brave and gallant cousin strained his knee badly down one of the stoney and rather sudden declivities in our climbs and descents.

I searched, and found a white, strong stick upon which he had to lean all day, and limp sadly, but it also was a day of instruction through a massive fortress, gazing on far scenes, from the old fort gun holes.

When the last day of that one of my visits to Denmark arrived, Julius handed me that stick as a souvenir of the picnic. He had had it beautifully polished, mounted with a deep ferule of silver at the bottom, also an unscrewable raised round top with my initials. Beneath the unscrewed cover, it showed the original rough stick slightly split as it was when he gratefully accepted "my find" and had leaned upon it in his pain that other day.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

My birthday anniversary, the 31st of August, was near, and I had gone over to visit my cousins in Sweden on their estate "Wegeholm."

Upon entering their gates, I had been driven in under the upper floor of their stone castle, and alighting with their flunkies in attendance, up the stone steps at the side. I mounted to the second story rooms, built in a circle with glass-encased windows looking down from the upper circular stone corridors, upon that inner court below, where equipages drew up, covered from storms.

Then I was shown into their living rooms. Through the royal suite retained for the pleasure of His Majesty, King Oscar's annual visit with his suite, to hunt the splendid antlered stags which were on my cousin's preserves from the forest down to the sea. Robert, my cousin, was King Oscar's chamberlain.

Their ballroom was of immense length, with its hand-paintings of cherubs and lovely floating angels, over ceilings and over doors at each end. Upon its polished floors stood a grand piano! I seated myself at it and accompanied him, he singing operatic arias in his rare tenor and pure resonant tones, while he and she stood side by side, each a picture of beauty in height and coloring and love, and grace!

I used to watch them wending their way arm in arm, through the shrubbery. Always lovers together, like Tante Marie and Uncle Lauritz; like also my own blessed father and mother.

We inspected the room where the flax-linen thread had its loom—women by the year weaving sheets, bed and table linen.

On to the cheese room, with shelves filled with big, round winter cheeses.

Into the cream-extracting machine room.

Forward we moved to the polished brown pigs in their stalls in a row, where, odorless, they stood and awaited the coming flow of entirely creamless milk, into their long loaded troughs for their beverage night and morning.

Such fine pure cream was served for our berries, such luscious hot-house fruits served each night on silver salvers, while Robert and Therese played their organ and piano side by side.

Beyond this the dining room where their two young sons and daughters had their honored turns of saying "grace" before we began each meal.

Their peaches grew on vines trained against the outer walls of the green-house, the same as in France—to protect the fruit against winds and weather—the flavor of nectarines, hot-house grapes and plums so truly luscious, were fit for Lucullus!

Then came Saturday night when we three walked down the boxwood scented path, out of their entrance gates. There a sight unique and unexpected met our eyes.

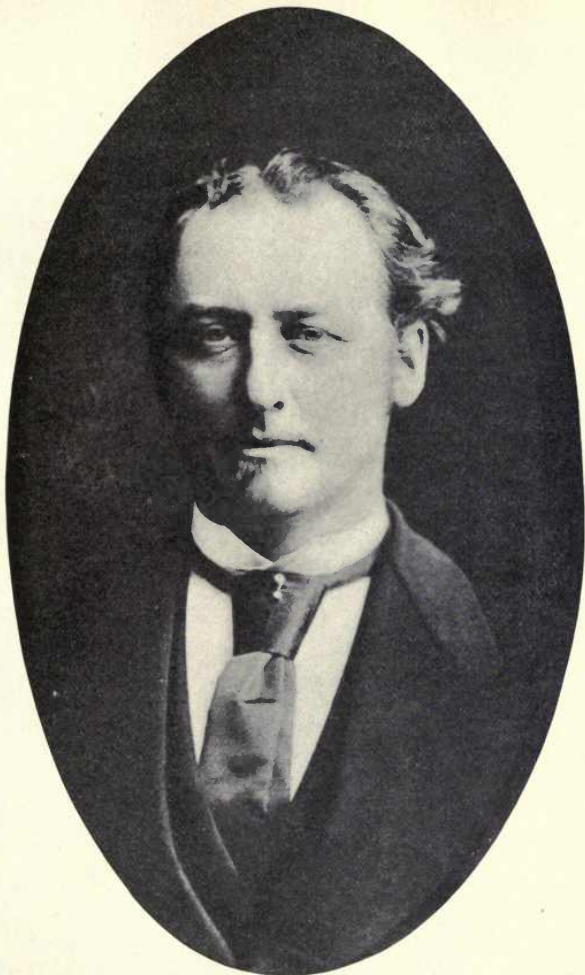
The weekly custom was for the peasants on the estate, and there were many who had little cottages along that inside road toward the gate (for the men tilled the ground in parcels, rented to them by the owner, Robert, their young "father" as they called him.) He had built a miniature banking house for them and he taught them to save and bank their accounts, and when the harvests were poor, or failed, he had to take care of them and give them sufficient employment to repay him for his kind provision.

So there they stood in their best holiday velvets and colored embroidered attire. One in the center of the circle, with his violin, awaited *their* "First Lady of the

Land" Therese, to dance with her lord the first waltz, within their open circle. Following which they began, while we delightedly and enjoyedly watched the scene.

At 9 P. M. a horn blew.

Like magic they turned, vanished almost instantly as though none had been there, and the pretty Saturday night's peasants dancing party was over until the next week.



COUSIN ROBERT GRAVENHOVST LOVENSTJERNE  
In His Castle "Wegeholm." Chamberlain to His Majesty, King Oscar  
of Sweden.





## CHAPTER XXXVI.

The following day Cousin Julius Holmbold arrived for the coming deer-stalking.

We all sat that Sunday night back of the piano and organ amid musical renderings by each in turn.

I was begged to sing an English song, after singing in Danish, as Therese had taught me (after outgrowing the childish ones taught by my father). My Spanish, French and Italian songs had pleased them, but now, it must be an English one!

At last, I gave them those wondrous words of self-abnegation and purest love by an unsuccessful suitor to his ideal of womanhood as portrayed in "Resignation" with the glorious harmonies composed for it by Korbay (pronounced Corbai) the Hungarian composer, and singer, who had gone to Newport when I was there, and taught it to me. It ran thusly:

"RESIGNATION"

- I.    In silence would I suffer only  
      My grief thou even shouldst not guess  
For not one tinge of melancholy  
      Should overcloud thy happiness . . . .  
Near thee, my lips so long unbroken,  
      My grief I could not conquer, quite;  
My eye the secret thought hath spoken,  
      Alas! a tear brought all to light!  
Once, but once, I fain would tell thee  
      How very dear to me thou art,  
How I shall live thy faithful lover  
      As long as beats this constant heart.

- II. No single word shouldst thou reply;  
But kindly look at me and smile.  
Nay, with a gentle drooping eye,  
Thou'll stand in silence still awhile.  
Then, would I rest my hands on thy head,  
And blessing thee, the prayer would say  
That *God may bless for thee the quiet,*  
Which from my soul thou stolest away.  
Once, but once, I fain would tell thee  
How very dear to me thou art;  
How I shall live thy faithful lover  
As long as beats this constant heart!

As I was concluding these thrilling words and music Julius rose restlessly walking in front of us to the high shuttered window and fussed with the slats to hide his emotion.

Something in the sing had stirred the depths of his soulful heart, and all were silent!

Then Robert, the following day, begged me to give him a copy—they all were evidently “taken with it.”

On the second visit which I paid “Wegeholm” before going to the United States that year, Robert showed me those verses pinned upon the wall beside his desk, saying: “I love my Therese, and I love you next, and those words will cheer me, till you Constance (I fear and feel you may never) come back.”

“Yes, Robert, I promise, I know, I shall.” And I did, with darling mamma; when, she was honored by being given His Majesty’s, King Oscar’s, apartments. He and his suite arrived the very day following, and my third departure from beautiful “Wegeholm” which (since Robert’s going out of this life, on one New Year’s Eve while he was bestowing his last blessings upon each of

his children, and upon his heart-rent beloved wife) was sold and purchased by a wealthy American.

I still have my cherished memories. An old lady once remarked to me "Life would not be worth living to me, if I did not have my memories!"

Our faith in God, and our memories and the great boon, "a sense of humor," sustain us on our way heavenward.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

The morning of the stag hunt broke clear and sweet (quite a party it was who assembled at breakfast). Every woman at the left of the seated gentleman had her sandwich to make for that swain to carry, well wrapped, to refresh his inner-man while hunting; and that superb stag which they caught, all had a shot at it.

Venison and currant jelly we had ere the morning of my birthday, when I descended the stairs I found awaiting me, after the family hearty greetings, a fine old gold lined Sweedish cup with base of Frederick IV coin. An aqua-marine (like fine opals) cross, mounted in gold, and various other gifts.

A Sweedish baron, on his horse, dashed down to bid me sad "farewell," as shortly after we proceeded by boat to Copenhagen for our dinner-party.

The Chamberlain and Therese, my cousin and I, were all dressed in our evening attire beneath our wraps, and at the portals of the doors at Amager, the welcome guests, by host and hostess, Uncle Lauritz and Tanta Marie Holmblad greeted us. He in his blue-silk-lapelled dress-coat and decorations, Tante in her lace-covered gown and jewels looked her handsomest.

For was it not my last night among them, and they wished me to carry away the most brilliant memories, the deepest regrets at leaving them.

Gifts were handed me: a large black and gilder four-tiered photo-frame, folding up in tall fashion, containing sixteen valuable colored photographs of the finely costumed peasants in holiday attire, of the three Norse countries.

A real antique—large five-inch gold vinaigrette on a standing base with heart-shaped center and a pink amethyst. The extra top opened for the gold or silver coin always carried therein for the contribution plate at church, whither the rich Danish peasants of former years drove in their carriages, seated upon hair stuffed oblong hand-embroidered mats. One of which, of the year 1763, was presented among other gifts to carry to New York with me, and is nailed up over my doorway each winter in Washington, to be admired and appreciated.

A gilded silver <sup>91</sup>mydaillon necklace had been ingeniously inverted by Tante Marie's orders to her jeweller. The chain was tacked round a crimson velvet frame surrounding a photograph of my father now hanging in my room.

An ingenious device of a movable silver scaled fish completed the portable tributes of their affection, while gorgeous roses filled my hands and were worn at my belt. Thus was I escorted to the brilliantly lighted table, where wit and love reigned and where tears and regrets filled our eyes and hearts at last.









LADY STEELE, BORN MISS ROSALIE McCARTY  
- Aunt of Mrs. Constance Gracie.



**GENERAL SIR THOMAS STEELE**  
General in Chief of the Armies in Ireland, Scotland and Wales.





## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

The last good-byes from Copenhagen were said. The Swedish and Danish cousins all gathered to unite in one request, that if I were not thoroughly appreciated by my mother's English relatives, and should feel homesick, I should send word, and either Cousin Robert Lovenstjerne or Julius Holmblad would come at once and take me back to my father's land.

Also, "Constance, never forget that Denmark conquered England." Seven times, at intervals, had I that fact impressed upon me.

\* \* \*

I met with a thoroughly cordial welcome among my mother's people. They had gone from their London house, 70 Eaton Square, quite near Buckingham Palace, to Dublin, established magnificently in "The Royal Hospital" mansion, as my cousin, Lady Steele's husband. General Sir Thomas Steele had been made General in Chief of all the forces in Ireland, Scotland and Wales, while the Duke of Cambridge, his best friend, was in command of all the forces in England, Australia and India.

The headquarters of each succeeding General in Chief, as Sir Thomas, are always in that beautiful castle called "The Royal Hospital." Because beyond you walk out into a square hollow block around which are the quarters of the veteran soldiers—almost every day a funeral occurred as they "passed over"—and one could hear a gun fired from the distant burying ground.

\* \* \*

Led impressively through the different rooms, I was conducted finally into the great oak-carved ball-room and up to the raised dais.



Pointing to a large full-length painting at the back of the dais, a voice spoke: "This is the portrait of King George and Queen Anne of Denmark."

"Yes," I quickly exclaimed, "my parting injunction as I left Danish shores was, 'Constance, never forget that Denmark conquered England.'"

In smiling assent they said: "And a mighty race of brave men and soldiers they were on land and sea, and you are the little Dane," they playfully added.

I certainly felt a pride in being a Dane heart and soul.

It seems that Cousin Rosalie and Sir Thomas had both been mourning. She, her mother, Aunt "Jane, Countess de Dion (as she always had signed her letters to mamma, her sister-in-law), and Sir Thomas, five months before I arrived, had lost his fine brother, Colonel Steele, of the Cold Stream Guards.

Their six months' cessation from giving official entertainments (for which the English government allows a fixed sum), had been longer than the Court's allowance for "three month's mourning."

Therefore, Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, so adored by all her subjects, had sent a mandate to Sir Thomas to that effect, and Dublin had been bidden of its choicest residents to a Ball! So I was to be in the midst of the delightful excitement, and seven hundred and twenty guests came! Twenty cloaks were called for and exchanged in the dressing room the following morning. That ball was a wonder! Many beauties, glorious uniforms. "The Throned Chairs" as they stood upon that dais at the top of the ball-room had awaited their honorable occupants.

A trumpet sounded! Down one aisle came General Sir Thomas and Cousin Rosalie Steele, disappearing beyond

the front portals as was the custom. They met "The Red Earl Lord" and Viscountess Spencer, on the first step without, then up the aisle, after the aides, preceding the procession.

Exquisitely attired, Cousin Rosalie, arm in arm with Lord Spencer; behind, Sir Thomas, escorting the then gloriously beautiful Countess. On her lovely brown wavy hair shown her superb diamond tiara, as she graciously smiled upon all within sight of her glowing eyes.

In the blaze of light and burst of music they reached the dais and stood bowing, then seated themselves.

In turn, every one filed up and were greeted by him, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland and Lady Spencer.

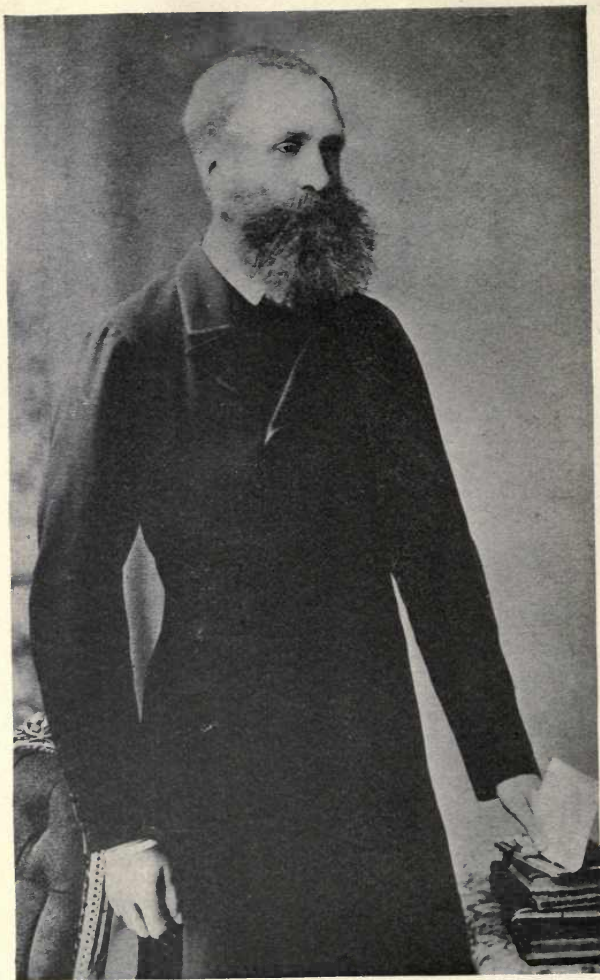
Suddenly Mrs. Captain Mac—(whose husband was one of my Sir Thomas' Aides de Camp), came hurriedly to my side, whispering: "Did you see that Captain Mac—had to drag Lord Clourmell down from the dais? His head was almost upon the shoulder of the Countess as he, the noted sherry-tipler, had been conducted to the pantry!"

All was over in a moment, and "on with the dance, let joy be unconfined" was the order of the night.

Lady Steele's chef had taken two weeks to prepare the pastry forms, etc., etc.; but it was a famous feast and ball, while all made merry with grace and moderation until four o'clock in the morning.







"THE RED EARL" VISCOUNT SPENCER  
Lord Lieut. of Ireland.



VISCOUNTESS SPENCER

Wife of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Given Me by Her at Dublin Castle.





## CHAPTER XXXIX.

Now came the Dublin Court presentations at the Castle, where Queen Victoria was represented by Lord Spencer, and not Lady.

His office is to kiss the cheek of every lady presented, young, middle or old of age.

My court-train, four-yards regulation length, was upon my arm; I had known how to catch it. After the presentation when one of the aides has to gather its end in his hand, and fling it dexterously aiming at your arm, which you extend in anticipation, and *fail to catch it at your peril!*

Being with my favored party in the small blueroom, we were, of course, ushered in first. Our part was soon carried through after I entered the grand presentation room, and heard each aide on the walk-up calling out my name till I reached Lord Spencer.

Sure enough, as he took my hand in his, he bent low his head and imprinted the predicted kiss upon my cheek; then smiled graciously. My hand was, in turn, taken by Countess Spencer and pressed to give me courage, for she was so fond of my cousin, Lady Steele, that she felt partial to me.

We were then allotted seats facing the throne. Amid the rows of seated dames who were watching the succession of presentations, arose a howl, and turning, a lady not far from me rolled up her eyes in agony, then fainted! Quickly she was lifted and carried out and up the castle staircase. Further tradition sayeth not, but we all felt for her, and what she missed!

The pomp and ceremony were most interesting and very similar to the presentations at Buckingham Palace.

The following day was cool, and, as always each afternoon at 5 P. M. many of the gentry and aides-de-camp came in to Lady Steele's for the usual refreshments, exclaiming as they rubbed their hands together English fashion: "I must have my tea and bread and jam," at which I always had to inwardly smile.

Cousin Rosalie confided to me that one advantage granted to her in her position was that she never was expected to return a single one of the visits of her callers; unless they were the Lord Lieutenant, his Lady, and the ladies-in-waiting—yet, all came to her!

It came to pass that Cousin Rosalie was giving a dinner party to His Lordship. She asked me if I would be pleased to accompany her shopping for its preparation. Off together we were driven to the fruiterers for pineapples; a pound apiece, which she selected in number. Thence for plover-eggs, a shilling a piece, and of which she had three on each plate upon a bit of toast. They hard-boil them, shell them, and lo! they are bluish-white, the size of one-third of a hen's egg—a great delicacy and delicious! Other delightful supplies ordered, she remarked: "Now, we will drive to the iron-mongers." It was what the United States' people call "the hardware shop." There forms of tins, etc., were purchased. As I stepped forward, I tripped on one of two girls' heels, saying "Excuse me." A mimicking voice sounded: "Excuse me! How American!" Lady Steele laughed and said: "The correct words are "Beg Pardon" with the ending inflection upward." So the day went on till night came.

We all descended attired in our daintiest, and the guests assembled. Finally the procession moved toward the banquet room.

On one side of me sat Lord Clourmell (poor soul, his sherry-tipling took him off some years ago); Captain Harmond, Lord Spencer's aide on my left. It was <sup>a</sup>very brilliant and witty feast of reason, and flow of soul, as well as of delicious courses. We were obliged to await the rising of Lord Spencer who led the recession with Cousin Rosalie to the drawing room; second only, walked Lady Spencer with Sir Thomas, and the couples followed, two and two, all bowing in front of the "Red Earl" so dubbed for his auburn colored wavy hair and beard, cut square.

## CHAPTER XL.

The first of the Castle balls (all of which we attended that season) was coming off and Sir Thomas' aides had become acquainted with me. As I was being put into my tulle ball gown (here and there dotted with lovely crimson silk jacqueminot roses) and satin slippers (with remarkable toes going into an absolute point which Aunt Rosalie had insisted upon my accepting from her), a box came up, with five gardenias and their leaves woven into a straight bar, as was the fashion then at their English florists.

Bessie, my pretty and snappily witty cousin, walked into my room with a similar box, exclaiming: "Was it not dear of Captain So and So, to send you and me these lovely bands of gardenias?"

"What do you do with them?" I asked.

"Why, tack them sideways from your shoulder down."

"How odd," I remarked.

"Well," said she, "I think it far better than when I was over in Newport at a grand luncheon, where a bouquet at each plate was afterwards pinned by each girl on the side of their stomach!"

Then we both burst out laughing and decorated our respective corsages with said fragrant gardenias.

Into the carriage we were placed, and out-riders on horses with the clanking of their scabbards and drawn swords, and two others behind fully mounted, escorted our equipage in safety back and forth from the castle as they did for each successive ball there given.

Over from London had come Lord and Lady Randolph Churchill, sprightly Lady Cornwallis West (and her



ALCI W. HARMOND  
Captain and Aide of Lord Spencer.





sister), saying: "I told the dressmaker to do what she could for my young sister with *such* a figger." I thought the younger sister was sweet, and most modest, like a daffodil.

Many notable personages, all of us standing in the dressing room together, chatting unconcernedly. Then, we started and entered the ball, going through the uniform presentations.

I (from force of my father's training in reading the diplomatic news and court proceedings), had made a practice of always going through the little printed afternoon paper of whatever question had come up daily for discussion and disposal by Lord Spencer in his office. So, of course, I was not lacking of interest when he would join me and laugh with me over many of his subjects handled during that particular day.

When, later, Captain Harmond, his blunt, square-headed aide, joined me with the question: "Pray, young lady, may I know what you find to entertain the Earl so well?"

"Oh, we always chat over the points which he scores in his official debates, and questions of moment of which I apprise myself each afternoon in the 'Daily Budget.' "

"Ha, ha! that's the secret!" he exclaimed.

Then the first quadrille started, and I was honored. I danced right opposite Lady Spencer in her set; she was such a beautiful, queenly and gracious being to gaze at, as she smiled encouragingly, chassaying back and forth.

That castle supper, and our special group, as we sat at our long, narrow sociable table! That music, as I watched my sweet Cousin Bessie dancing every dance!

And the polka! with the two hundred couples; two and two, regularly stepped forward two, then back two steps, all the way up the square ball-room, in regular order, two and two across the square. Then down the other side,

always in regular order, and a hollow square in the center.

It was an unusual sight for one who had seen a ball-room in New York where bumpity-bump, and the polka dancers went every way, with no order of regularity in their couples.

"Bessie, you'll have heart trouble. You are so pleased at the fact that you danced every dance straight through, and it is strenuous work with those quick steps!"

Many sought her, but she exclaimed: "No, I am the granddaughter of the Duke of Manchester, my own mother was Lady Emily Montague, yet I would not marry one of the English aristocracy; they haven't a stitch of character left. But I wish I were the belle that you are, Constance, in favor with the Lord Lieutenant and Countess Spencer. You are clever to post yourself on all the Dublin diplomatic procedures.

And we laughed unconfinedly and freely.



MISS ELIZABETH MONTAGUE STEELE  
As She Was at the Balls in Dublin Castle.



## CHAPTER XLI.

Then came the Punchestown races.

We started out in the four-in-hand coach. Reaching the large enclosure, and well placed, we eagerly watched young Featherstone-Haugh win the first race with his jockey on the fine mare. Then the second race came on, his steed stumbled, fell, broke his shoulder and had to be shot.

There was a tear in Featherstone-Haugh's eye as he passed with his dog at his heels. I was subsequently taken across the field and lifted up on the mounds, and stood on one of the two which constitute what is known as "the double jump," I saw and counted seventeen jockies on mounts of rare beauty coming at this very jump. It was a thrilling hour!

I watched several jockies who whispered and swerved out, as the rest came straight toward the mound on which we were standing. Pretty spryly we jumped down to one side and gazed in awe at the graceful double-jumpers and winners.

A gorgeous day—an excitement in the air, and redfern-gowned smart looking ladies with well-groomed notables, formed a picture, indeed, to carry in my memory!

Sir John and Lady Power had asked my cousin to lend me for a visit to them, as I was invited to "Fairy House," a private race-course where Lord Spencer's coach and ours, the Power's four-in-hand coach, were the only two there.

I have a huge grouped photograph taken of our party on their coach. I, in my smart fitting redfern brown cloth and crimson-front vest, with little smoked buttons



on either side, holding it snugly from neck to tapering waist.

Those races were all the more thrilling to me, as the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland and Countess Spencer singled me out to bestow some of their kindly converse and courtesies upon me.

Sir John Power, I must remark, had a most attractive high-bred Irish brogue, to which I found myself listening, which later I caught myself unconsciously imitating.

His beautiful Hebe-like, tall and slender wife, and little five-year-old girl trotting beside her, were walking behind us. When distinctly came her remark to her escort: "My little girl has such a brogue, and I cannot fancy where she gets it."

I turned to see if she were joking; but, no; quite seriously. She was entirely unconscious of her very own Sir John's lovely brogue—never had noticed it until I called her attention to it. We had fine trips upon that coach on my ideal visit and went all through the wonderful Guinness Breweries (for Sir John was a Guinness). His elder brother was then Lord Ardelon, a fine man, created a noble for his beneficent gifts to the church.

I visited for two nights over the week-end, at Sir Edward Grey's castle.

Escorted up the palatial stairways, lined with full length oil painted panels of their family ancestors and ancestresses. I certainly was impressed by the time I was led at night to my room by several of the lady guests who wished to see me snugly tucked in the four-poster bedstead with its footboard running around it. A means of not overstretching one's limbs in clambering up to the height of its mattresses from the floor. They were all pumping me about life in New York, and my impressions



of my wonderful home with my cousins in Dublin, when a knock sounded at my huge bedroom door.

My trunk, I omitted to state, had miscarried, and for the famous dinner one of the young girls, even more slender than I was at that time, had loaned me her corn-colored gown.

In those days, they squeezed in their English waist-lines to look like a wasp. So I had to gasp as I gratefully donned that gown, for I was placed in the seat of honor on the left of the host.

I hardly dared to breathe though endeavoring to smile and respond quite unconcernedly to all sprightly remarks, or badinage as it flew back and forth from the delightful guests and our host.

I diverged from the scene that night at my bedroom door.

Two flunkies in full uniform, similar to those at my aunt's villa in Denmark, stood like wooden statues, their eyes unblinking, holding between them by each handle, my missing steamer trunk.

Forward! They marched to the left of the blazing fire and deposited it silently beside the fireplace. Then military fashion, out they walked and the silence was broken by "Oh, do open your box, and let me see your gown." But I was too anxious to say "goodnight," clamber into bed and to sleep—"To sleep, perchance to dream."

They had said some people pronounced the house haunted by a wandering soul, their ancestors. Ah! How could they believe in aught but vivid dreams, which sometimes come to us before the sleeping earthly body is aroused to daily life again, and in memory we feel that it was reality!

I believe that while the body rests and sleeps—only then, can our souls meet the souls of our beloved ones.

Who are only permitted to come to us when danger is near us, so that they may strengthen us to resist impending evil, by preparedness. Or to strengthen us against temptations which may assail us.

God gives man strength equal to his manhood to resist temptation if they listen, stop and heed in time, even as is given to girls.

Womanhood alone should not hold up the standard of purity and honor!

That is why this wave of suffrage has swept through the indignant women, with a righteous contempt of weak, debased and oft time, bullying man. Who has "fallen from his high estate" by being taught that "every young fellow must sow his wild oats" and be nasty before winning some pure, unsuspecting young wife. To defile her too, and subtly convince her that all men are alike, because of his own unwarrantable sins of the past, present and future, only too often!

Thus, thus has spread the contempt for many a husband and the thralldom felt therefrom. A desire develops to rise above this degenerate mate. Psychology finds that the *father* element born in them, gifted by some error of conception, causes them to rise above *the traits of the mother born in their weaklings*.

Also that girls should be taught the falsity that all men are alike, irrespective of their strong mentality. That they must be considered as weak sensualists, apart from their often great parts in the world's affairs.

Whereas, with their greatness, thanks be to our Heavenly Father, they are given the strength to resist temptation! And woman should be their ideal to inspire them to obtain to the highest standard.

## CHAPTER XLII.

From Lady Powells I returned to the Royal Hospital most happy to be with my own people.

The time was growing short.

The last of the castle balls had been enjoyed and a thrilling invitation had come for me to attend the great and favored dinner of forty odd, at the "Vice Regal Lodge" in Kilmainham Park, where the Lord-Lieutenant and Countess Spencer had removed for the summer, and Dublin Castle was correspondingly closed.

Kilmainham Park had afforded me exciting rides with Sir Thomas and Bessie. I mounted upon one of the tall Royal Dragoons Guards' horses, sixteen hands high, and away we would start, as one is freely permitted to ride up and over the hills and downs of the park. Many a ride had I revelled in. Oh! I could have shouted with glee at its sport!

Kilmainham Prison was just without our Royal Hospital gates, and our sentry boxes were scattered at equidistances around our splendidly kept grounds and pathways.

Many a night beneath my great domed and stained-glassed windows (which I had observed, extended from the floor of the dining room below, up through my floor to the top of my own bedroom—at that point, the floor was allowed to cross unattached to aught, until at each side of those windows, again the plaster and beams sustained said floor with marvelous masonry). As I lay silent and pondering in the darkness, I listened to the pacing of our sentrymen; and peered down at them patrolling in their



LADY JOHN POWER

In From a Ride to Hounds, Returning My Visit at Her Castle, County Wexford.





uniforms, guns on their shoulders, through "the watches" against any escaping prisoners of state or murder.

It was the time of the murderous assaults by the stonecutter. I forget his name and the band of lawless plotters, who drew for the number, to assassinate the innocent Lord Cavendish and Sir John Burke as they were walking homeward at dusk through Kilmainham Park. And the lot fell upon that same stonecutter, who (it was learned through detectives), had gone to confession with his wife and boy; then leaving them, promptly hied him to the spot where their lordships daily passed.

He had to have the unoffending victims of that band's political grudge pointed out to him, and behind them he slunk and gave the deadly blows.

Those were the sort of men confined in our Dublin prison. A shot had indeed been fired even at Lord Spencer on his daily horseback rides through "Dublin Town," but his bravery and geniality had so endeared him. He himself was fearless and surely God protected him.

When they drove out, his Countess always sat in the carriage, for she so dearly loved to protect him better perchance from murderous hearted prowlers.

## CHAPTER XLIII.

The evening of the state dinner arrived. The equipage was waiting as I donned for the last time my lovely Nile-green tulle, with moss rosebuds dotted here and there among its billowy folds, with a few tucked aside of my hair, always waved from my brow to the nape of my neck, and my thick braid with its ends doubled back and woven into a finish, made it thick *all through* ending in a circle round my head much as I wear it now. Off we were driven into that richly wooded beautifully laid out park.

“To the Vice-Regal Lodge.”

Sir Thomas never looked better—in full uniform, sword and ~~dash~~—the breast of his gold braided coat covered with many handsome decorations for glory attained in the Cold Stream guards, on fields of battle in honorable warfare—man to man—hand to hand, skill and honor to the vanquished as to the victor.

Yes, none of this Hun, wild Indian, “stab you stealthily in the back,” and ten-pin strikes, upon unsuspecting soldiers, of warm human flesh from far unsighted distances and ambush!

When bullets fly, and truly like ten-pins, down fall men whose bosoms had thrilled with anticipated glory in the hope of a real fight and chance for life and promotion with honor!

Lighting at the summer castle, as it was, and ushered formally into the salon, after making our courtesies, Lord Spencer came to me and confided an interesting incident of the day, namely, that pretty Mme. Marie Rose, wife of Mapleson, the manager of Grand Opera, had sent a note

to him requesting the privilege of coming to the Vice Regal Lodge after the grand dinner, which she learned was to be given tonight. And could she be allowed to sing there? His Lordship told me his answer was "Only a private dinner, and regrets that it would not be in order."

"A second, and a third beseeching note of request, and he had yielded—and that she was coming."

Before the long, light day, in the month of May, had gone out, I was led to a window of their back drawing room. And from that window, where they pointed down through the park to a certain spot, I was told that there was where the stonecutter had cut down the lives of Lord Cavendish and Sir John Burke. And that Lady Cavendish, at her sorrowful request, had been granted the permission for a portrait painter to paint in oils, that the sad, sad scene revived. And from that window to possess it as the last spot where had stood her Lord and lover-husband, innocent of all wrong.

Led into the gorgeously illumined dining room, I was entranced at the dignity of age, with the jewels of the ladies, blended with beauty and the simplicity of a few young people seated at the wonderfully appointed table, making a dazzling scene.

The vista from my end of the table was all that I might have dreamed.

Strains of tender music from finely strung instruments held my ear. Unseen by my eyesight I turned to note that at my left was a large folding doorway. The width within it had a very long box out of which had grown luxurious Ivy over an entire wire net. From behind that came those lovely strains "like linked sweetness long drawn out," which made a tender undercurrent and accompaniment to the many voices, whose modulations

were trained. I observed not to overtop the sounds of those musical instruments.

The dinner (my last "in dear Ould Dublin"), had to come to an end.

After reassembling in the larger drawing room Mme. Marie-Rose appeared—rich in coloring, and decorated with jewels "till you could not rest" as the slang phrase goes. And, led to the piano, the preparatory chords of Robert Le Diable rang out from the piano by her accompanist.

Then came her voice!

She *rent* the air with the agonized tones of one who *yearned* for "Robert toi que j'aime," till the shrieks for his absence, the longing for him to return from no one could guess where; the flinging of her vibrating figure and heaving bosom produced its effect upon the wounded ears of a tender audience.

The room was too small for the sounds which displaced much air! Window panes did not crack as some have, when the grand voice of Mme. Lilly Lehmann tried it in an ordinary sized ball room. Some of the tympanums of our guests' ears did almost crack—applause of course—whenever there is a foreign element.

North Americans in the United States have not, many of them, wakened up to that necessary and expected enthusiasm and hand-clapping which all artists yearn for, and are dampened in their ardor and efforts to please the cold, unresponsive yet earnest listeners of this young country.

Odd, too, but that is bound to develop in this grand *amalgamated race and nation*.

His Lordship advanced to me, and asked: "Miss Schack, would you greatly object to giving us a song yourself?" I hesitated.



JULIAN McCARTY STEELE  
Now General Steele.







CHARLES MONTAGUE STEELE  
At the Royal Hospital, Dublin. Now Colonel Steele.



I looked at Sir Thomas planted at the head of the room in all his superb beauty and stature. Evidently his permission had been asked and granted, so I took courage, pondering swiftly in my mind that if I sang in Spanish as taught me by General Agramontes' son of Cuba, that lovely song "La Paloma" (the Dove—it means), I might not have any comparison drawn between me and the professional artist. I modestly turned to the piano, gave the English explanation so pretty, then sang out richly in Spanish that rythmic aria.

They were all kind and tolerant of youth, prolonging their applause, and many coming forward to press my hand, caused me to look up.

There, like a statue stood Sir Thomas, his eye flashing his fine nostrils dilating, and I saw that he who had indeed been so good and hospitable to me, was gratified at my having acquitted myself with credit.

Lord and Lady Spencer were simply too sweet for words, and inwardly, as usual, I sent a soft blessing to my far-away adorable mother who had, with papa, inspired me to study attentively. She, who had always accompanied me to my famous old singing master for each lesson, so well knew how to weigh my every note, and she was my most severe critic, as also with my assiduously studied languages for which I had admirable masters. I really almost studied my nose off and its is very small now.

Many an early dawn, as I awakened at home, had I seemed to see the piano notes which I invariably practiced in imagination in the air, with my fingers at the dress-makers, standing unconscious of fatigue, while mamma and Mme. Convers planned, draped and pinned, and I calmly memorized the Italian verses of my arias. For they would never in those days allow me to sing English

—"tame music" as they pronounced our ballads of that period. Wonderful accompaniments now almost cover up the few simple singing bars of the new style of English "balladry"—a little word of my own!

Sad, regrettable last farewells; kindly requests for my future return to hospitable roofs.

Lady Hutton, in her handsome always square-necked black velvet gown, recalled pleasantly the many dinners we had both attended with her fine captain husband and my own devoted relatives, politely regretting 'twas our last.

All those clasping of hands in "good-bye" were ended. "Sir Thomas' carriage stopped the way," my last night to enter it.

I slept and dreamed—and packed with an aching void within. I was overwhelmed with many lovely gifts from my three young boyish cousins in their eton jackets: Julian, George and Charlie.

The youngest (in his perfectly appointed Scotch kilt leggings and buckled Tartan plaid at shoulder) had so beautifully danced the "Sword Dance" for me, to the music of "The Highland Fling."

Those three boys are now General Julian, General George and Colonel Charles Steele, I have been informed. From fighting bravely as did Julian and George in the Boer War, they have proved themselves and promotions have followed quickly in this war of nations.



CROWN PRINCE FREDERICK OF DENMARK  
Sent Personally to Me in New York.





## CHAPTER XLIV.

The Matthew Wilkes, great friends of my parents stopping on the Irish coast awaiting my appearance, had made known that they were to chaperone me safely aboard the steamer back to New York City. My precious mother's face could be seen beaming with love, where she stood on the dock, while I gazed rapturously down. Mamma and I promptly planned going over to Denmark and Sweden untrammelled in the Spring, which plan we carried out.

'Twas in the month of May and the ocean was smooth like a lake.

Several times on crossing in that month back and forth I noted the smoothness of the sea. We, as usual, however, had a terrible voyage from London through that rough and tumbling North Sea with every one but the captain lying low. I was fearful that my mothers' fresh beauty of which we were all so proud would be impaired badly by that implacable sea-sickness ere reaching beloved Denmark.

They all seemed to love mamma on sight, and every one of papa's relatives quite adopted her.

Each place of beauty—of rare or historic interest—we visited again and again.

How much happiness from each one, radiated round the brilliant mother, of whom I was so justly proud—for was it not her clear eye of truth and justice, her learning and words of wisdom, her spurrings on to ambition for excellence—and whom we could not fail to strive to emulate!

She was admired even to that artistic draping of her finest point lace upon her evening square-necked velvet

gown. A receipt as to *how it was done*, was asked of me, in an aside, by my aunt Marice, wife of the King's Counsellor, at the Court of Denmark.

We were all included in a tempting invitation to His Majesty, King Christian's, shooting match in a picturesque and most private royal enclosure.

My cousin, Fermanda Holmblad (later married to Captain Kaufman, the Kings Equery), with a sort of awe was watching mamma engaged in sprightly conversation with the then Crown Prince Frederick. He was soon to succeed our beloved King Christian whose death so shortly followed after that of his sweetheart wife, Queen Louise, of fifty-two happy wedded years.

Then Frederick reigned, till *he too* (the former witty and favorite King with his happy sunny-faced queen, the princess of Sweden), occupied the throne of Denmark awhile. Then suddenly *his* life flickered out, and he was found during their majesty's travels, where he had (with his weak-heart effection) quietly seated himself in a doorway in the street to rest.

Now *this* son reigns.

But *then* Crown Prince Frederick wrote his name across his upright photograph "Frederick," and had my cousin the Consul General from Greece to Denmark (his own country), Julius Holmbald, send it over to me with Julius' own latest. They are framed together in my salon.

When we were bidden for a visit to "Wegeholm," where once again Therese and Robert welcomed us, I quietly reminded him: "I have come back, Robert, as I promised, though you with your earnest and kindly wishes, deemed it impossible."

The delight of those days! Our rides, our drives, our wanderings over the farmlands!



MRS. O. W. C. SCHACK

"Mother of the (4) Schackii." Who Like "Cornelia, Mother of the Gracchii,"  
Desired Above be on the Tombstone, as We all Four had her Brown Eyes.



In Robert's office, he was consulted, and dubbed the "young father" of his farmers, who paid yearly so much for the leasing out of Robert's lands, and then, over and above their wants, they deposited their surplus funds in the bank which Robert built.

Through all these utility buildings, Mamma and I proudly walked beside that adorable pair of lovers. Therese so fair and stately, with a perpetual twinkle in her clear blue eyes; Robert, the princely figure, in his dark brown velvet coat and pumps, his fine limbs well stockinged and shod in harmony. And when his wife would seat herself in the court drawing room, accompanying his songs, his voice, rich and mellow in its perfect training, a rare tenor like my father's, I watched mamma draw in her breath and listen entranced.

She was well placed in His Majesty King Oscar of Sweden's specially reserved suite of rooms, for yearly he and his suite came for stag hunting through their preserves.



## CHAPTER XLV.

A diplomatic dinner was given, and my Cousin Julius came over for it. He was placed opposite my seat at the dinner table.

I had dropped one of my white slippers—large for me. When I later put my foot down, feeling for it, it was gone. A twinkle in Julius' eye opposite (always in for a joke), I guessed he had slipped his long limb quickly under, and slyly, as he felt it, he whisked away my foot covering, while, as the moments drew near for rising, I could note his enjoyment of my discomforture.

A swinging hit on my ankle, and lo, I had it back, just in time!

Therese and Robert drove us to a rare old Swedish silver-curio shop, and many lovely bits did mamma purchase.

The afternoon prior to our departure, they presented my mother with an exquisite amethyst brooch in the shape of a heart of three finely cut extra large amethysts, surrounded with pearls and a tiny tail as a stem, reminded one that it might also represent a three-leafed clover.

Their gift to me was a Swedish cup with date 1700, and some initials in succession. In the peasants families of former years 'twas the custom to inscribe below the parent owners' initials that of the daughter next in descent, and so on down. They are handed down as wedding gifts.

This was our last sight of and farewell to "Wegeholm."

Off we drove, leaving the noble cousins to make ready for the following day for King Oscar and his suite, for

which Robert had whispered to me: "Constance, it is a great honor, but a little expensive!"

We were en route for Stockholm, truly the "Venice of the North!"

There, on that late afternoon, in the big Cursaal tea garden, sat Dr. George Lefferts in company with Mr. and Mrs. George DeWitt of New York.

They exclaimed: "Oh! you dears! you must come on board with us and sail off to wonderful St. Petersburg. The Fair is on at Nijni Novgorod!"

So, after obtaining our special permit, and with their court courier, we passed one more day of enjoyment in Stockholm, and again went through the winter palace, its private sitting rooms, inspected all their courtly Lares and Penates; thence, out to the summer palace, where from the windows of the second floor, we looked out upon the terraced gardens like those at Versailles—a perfect reproduction—in fact all but the "playing of the waters."

At the foot of the staircase, stood His Majesty, King Oscar himself, Alpine hat in hand, to greet us as Cousin Robert's cousins.

That is another delightful memory!

We slept the sleep of the just at The Hotel de l'Europe, after the pleasing experience of crossing by daylight and re-crossing by night the interesting canal which runs through that beautiful City of Bridges across said water, quite, as I before stated, like Venice.

## CHAPTER XLVI.

Off, from Stockholm to St. Petersburg, kind Dr. Leferts charged himself with all the labor of securing the best of couriers (in some way related to one of the higher attendants in the Czar's Palace).

As the ship upon which we embarked neared the Russian half-way port, we noticed the first *draske*, or Russian small carriage, with its coachman in his heavy cloth, greenish colored coat, edged with a strip of crimson; his head topped with one of their black beaver hats, cut only half the usual height, giving a really odd expression to that style of tall hat.

We were allowed an hour's halt, and engaged one of these *draske*s for a drive to various peasant cottages to see their life and customs.

Back to the ship we hied to sleep, to be awakened at 4:30 A. M.

Quickly dressed, curiosity and expectation drew us up on deck; and as the sun burst forth, while gazing ahead, the *real gold* covered dome of St. Isaac's church or cathedral, loomed up before our eyes.

The sun struck full upon it, dazzling us with its wonder of glistening light.

On landing, and after the perfunctory customs-house examination, we were quartered in the Grand Hotel de l'Europe, where we matured our plans.

Wandering through the mazes of streets lined with cotton covered bazaars, wares of all sorts and values, we examined the unique Russian enameled spoons (jeweled sometimes), tea-strainers in rich dark blue and gold, one of which I have—a beauty.

Purchases were made freely, till at last we landed in a tea house, where stood on a pedestal in a corner of the room, a tall huge samovar of brass, with red hot, live coals brought in from time to time, in clam-shaped large iron fire tongs, by Russian peasant maids-in-waiting, capped and prettily costumed, who replenished the dying coals ~~brought in from time to time, in clam-shaped large~~ at boiling point.

Slices of lemon in the hot tea, were served in tall glasses, and several times replenished.

Mr. deWitt was deeply impressed by the container and with the conviction that he must purchase a large samovar, upon which he seemed sure that happiness depended. That was the next subject to be considered.

Mamma and I were impressed when noting the devout worshippers move in numbers, of the male sex rather than of women, at St. Isaac's cathedral, where we sat the next morning taking it all in.

There, we first saw Ikons, and like Roman Catholics, the worshippers knelt before them.

Mamma secured an Ikon, a fine porcelain, painted and brass-framed picture of the Madonna and Christ-child; where the face of the mother, then one hand, the head and feet of the Christ-child, showed in those places where the brass was cut out.

We chose a very pretty frame, also a brass branch of openwork design to screw into the side wall of her Turkish room at home, which room is filled with embroidered cloth seated arm-chairs and others in her New York house. From that bracket on a strong brass chain a hanging lamp contains a crimson glass cup within, to hold its chunky candle customarily kept ever burning by Russians in front of their Ikons.

Mr. DeWitt with the courier in attendance, next morning found just a samovar to his liking. He went from one end of the city to the other, in search of the place where he could entrust it to a transferring express company—lingering to have it well encased.

That little enterprise depleted his pockets of "just fifty dollars," he said; but he and pretty Mrs. DeWitt laughingly spoke of the real fun and pleasure they were to have with it in New York.

Odd how, after their safe return home, they waited long (though it was supposed to have gone ahead of them) in vain!

Searchers on this side, and in St. Petersburg were employed; never up to this day has a *sight* of it been granted to either of them!

As to the Ikon's fate, we packed it nicely in the very bottom of soft things in a trunk or box, and it hangs in my own second and crimson-walled drawing room in Washington, D. C.

## CHAPTER XLVII.

The winter palace had just been the scene of a birthday anniversary of the Crown Prince.

The Vienesese glasses, golden and silver plates, with napkins aside of them, lay upon the table from which we had heard the royal personages arise, and file out of those doors to the grand salon, while we were quietly ushered in by another privileged entrance.

One of their royal fetes, was next to be celebrated that very evening out, at Tzarsko Zelo, the little palace beyond the park along which we were being rapidly driven, noting on either side, overhead (at equal distances beside the telegraph wire), hanging Chinese lanterns, to be lighted that night for the royal cortege to pass to the said palace.

We reached the little stream which separated it from us, and were surprised to find only a small wooden moveable bridge (over which we in turn crossed). It was pulled back and forth by a round very thick rope running through rings on the railing of this narrow and short lengthed bridge.

Soon we each landed on the Palace side of terra firma, looking back curiously at that novel construction, by which we should have to return.

After our inspection of the lovely Palace, we were led out to some prettily wrought iron benches, beneath finely leaved iron-trees. These were ordered by one of the Russian queens, who was elevated to her queenship from a peasant possessing rich wondrous beauty. And in order to visit her fine humor and facetious spleen upon some of her lady subjects, she would conduct them, or perhaps



have them led to these benches, ordered to be seated, and then in an instant, a fine spraying of drops of water from every leaf on those small trees, would drench them *nolens or volens* to her gleesomeness.

We were next led to a tree called "The George Washington Tree." Planted from the slip of a famous tree over in this country which is authentically known to have been planted by our President Washington.

From this Russian tree we each were given a leaf, and mine I pressed in my red leather scrap book.

They told how Peter the Great was wont to retire and, while whittling with his knife, he built the boat, which is exhibited still perfect, within the hut which he also built and lived in very frugally.

At the triangular left hand corner, facing the doorway, has existed for a long time a most cleverly constructed altar. Draped with fine Russian lace, handsome candelabra, with many candles and holy objects on those small shelves; cleverly built up from a broad base to a point triangularly reaching the ceiling of the corner.

A stalwart priest in robes (who lives there) appeared, and in conversation remarked: "More worshippers and more tribute moneys are annually received here at this altar than in any city church."

Peter the Great's father, Alexander, had indulged in an odd pleasure:

A space on the capitol palace floor was pointed out to us, whereon two beautifully constructed coffins had rested for several years until his demise. And into which it was his wont to daily escort his queen, and bade her lie down within it to show how she would appear, when reposing there after she should have actually passed away.

He also treated himself frequently to that gruesome experiment.

## CHAPTER XLVIII.

We hastened back to the city, for Dr. Lefferts and the Dewitts were off for Nijni Novgorod and Moscow, while we were due in Berlin, thence to Paris, where mamma had engaged an apartment for one month before catching our steamer to New York.

Before leaving Stockholm for Russia, we had sent all our trunks (but one large brass bound) to Denmark, for they had been preparing for our return to my fatherland.

With two expensive tickets to Berlin, I was to obtain our stateroom on the train, about to start upon a thirty-eight hour ride to Berlin. In line I stood, and once at that desk, I was told "twelve dollars for extra luggage." "What?" said I—I could not credit the clerk's demand while disgustedly fumbling for my gold coins, when a comely gentleman spoke at my elbow: "Mademoiselle, permit me to serve you. Twelve dollars, the overweight charges are heavy; everyone is allowed only fifty pounds of luggage, and your two tickets allow but 100 pounds—they naturally charge as they like. I always carry my strong carpet-bag, paying boys a few pennies from cars to conveyances, for I collect many books in my travels and they weigh, you know. So I am sorry to say you will have to pay that twelve dollars."

Thanking him, I drew forth those cherished coins, pathetically parting with them.

Once seated in our compartment, mamma and I espied outside our windows in a vendor's hand, delightful looking nectarines, grapes and plums grouped together in their little wooden holders.

We looked out longingly. That same gentleman had seen us, and brought in a basket, quickly remarking: "Allow me to bring them in instead of the vendor and I will go now to get one for myself."

We placed the cash in his hand and thanked him.

While the train sped along, a figure stood in our doorway, along the green carpeted little corridor running aside of all our compartments—a voice from the smiling cavalier: "I have no one to introduce me but here is my card." It read: "Captain Lumley of Lumley Castle, the Queen's Secret Messenger."

He proved a most delightful traveling companion, and relieved us of all orders for the German servants.

Much to the sorrow of our whole party of Danish and Swedish relatives, we just had to change all our plans by having gone to Russia so unexpectedly. Unable to fill our engagements with them, we had telegraphed to forward our trunks which they had kindly been holding for us in Copenhagen, and to freight our luggage to Berlin, for which they mailed us the checks.

What a hunt for them after due time for their arrival. Captain Lumley proved a trump! In a carriage we drove far, far off to their depositing depot, and after a number of days of primal inquiries, we discovered their resting place and engaged a trusty man who safely conveyed them to the train for Paris, sending them wisely again by freight.

We had read of the walks and beauty of Unter der Linden, but how overrated all that had been! It seemed from our hotel, a convenient starting point only for our little expeditions, and returns to good repasts.

Final adieus made, we were off for Paris!



MISS ANNIE CUTTING

Daughter of the Beautiful Mrs. Hexward Cutting of New York and Paris.  
Now Madame Constantinevitch.



## CHAPTER XLIX.

Here our life-long friend, Mrs. Heyward Cutting always beautiful and witty, with her lovely daughter, now Mme. Constantinovitch, met us and were perfectly devoted. Their luxurious apartment on the Champs Elysees No. 73, was the scene of delightful treats, music, happy reminiscences, and helped us greatly on our shopping expeditions.

A devoted Viscount, planned the most enchanting trips to Fontainblau, Versailles, on Sundays, for only on that day did they turn on the pipes and have "the playing of the waters" in marvelously lovely forms all the way down the terraced heights of its gardens. To, oh so many charming places did he take us.

On our return from Cluny, one Sunday afternoon, a number of persons stood without our apartment building not daring to enter the rez de chausse, or apartment level with the street, while smoke was pouring out through the closed and locked windows and door.

Not a fireman could presume to make an entry. No, indeed. The Paris laws forbade any entrance by any one unless the family or occupant were there and opened unto them.

We three sat on the staircase, pondering; not daring to go up for fear the fire might burst forth, and as we were on the fifth floor, to be trapped up there did not appeal to us. The Viscount suddenly exclaimed: "I never realized that we French could have any stupid laws, but now I see how perfectly ridiculous and unreasonable this law is and meanwhile how that fire is amusing itself! Mamma and I smiled broadly, for his was a comic view to take.



After a long three quarters of an hour the family returned to allow extinguishers and water to destroy some of their belongings, but at last the fire was out, and no further danger to us.

Viscount d'Hauterive gave us a superb dinner at "The Lion d'Orr"—everything served on gilded service. The statuary, rare, wrought vases, etc., were a surprise.

Dinner and theatre boxes to hear the two Coquelins in comedies; to the grand opera, where we sat and listened for the twenty-ninth time to a magnificent presentation of Gounod's "Faust," and Verdi's "Aida" and Wagner's "Lohengren."

We had the good fortune to be taken to an almost unnoticeable door (but only by rare and special permit) in the very heart of Paris, where one of the Louis had had constructed a veritable reproduction of a Pompeiian palace, with its rich, vermillion-colored and wall panelled porphyry pillars, its square marble baths, sunk beneath the level of the floor.

The magnificent, gigantic, seated statues in fine carved white marble chairs of the great kings Solomon and David with their profoundest expressions of wisdom placed on either side of the decorated space in the great square central hall.

Upstairs, were daintily fitted-out boudoirs and bedrooms for the King to enjoy; and the wondrous appointments for dining and wining his favorite court circle, when he sought rest and diversion.

At the Cluny palace, a small building, were lace exhibits of exquisitely needled laces for sale. Mamma was an especial connoisseuse on laces,—her eyes were very discerning.



COUNT CHARLES D'HAUTRIVE OF FRANCE  
My First Fiance. C. S. Gracie.



The Viscounte was wont to exclaim enthusiastically: "Votre belle, et spirituelle mere, ~~e~~une lueur dans ses yeux bruns, qui parle vivement!"

He was quite as lovely to her as to myself, but *such* extravagant tastes as he was afflicted with.

I decided (as we fled to Hombourg and to other places to which he hied in search of us always to learn that we had left a day or two previous) to finally write him, and I thus closed that chapter. Kind, generous and chivalrous cavalier, he married, some years after a divorce~~e~~. May his soul rest in peace. He has gone to that bourne from which no traveler returns.





## CHAPTER L.

Mrs. Cutting influenced us to trip off to Hombourg. The King, Albert Edward, was there with his suite; Queen Alexandra was in England.

He sat just above us in the Coursalle. He was wont to invite, through his aide, a few ladies and gentlemen to dine with His Majesty.

The dinner over, *a tray was always passed to the guests*, and seven francs was collected from each one. An original custom, after obeying a command to dine with His Majesty, the then King of England.

At six of the clock each morning we were all down at the spring either to drink or to see others drink of those waters; *we did not*.

But, from His Majesty down to civilians, ladies and gentlemen, many drank for healing purposes.

A lovely looking newly-wed, Mrs. K—— and her proud young husband had arrived, with quarters just opposite the handsome stone villa in which the Giberts of New York were quartered.

His Majesty had set his eyes upon that sweet bride and ordered that he should, each morning at the springs, lead the procession of walking couples with *her* as his partner. Two and two, everyone walked for half an hour between drinking each glass of water.

One day, we all stood in the Gibert's grounds with a camera, and as His Majesty appeared and his feet sped toward the young bride's apartments opposite, we caught a snap shot of him, and one of these photos I have in a brass oblong frame in my drawing room table—inscribed thus:



"His Majesty, King Edward, in rapid strides, to cross the street for his visit to Mrs. K——."

He gave orders that it is customary for the husband to absent himself when His Majesty calls upon his lady.

This was reported to the bridegroom's home in England, and promptly came a telegram from his father: "All income ceases at once if you do not immediately return home," which they did.

I also have a group of ourselves taken at the Gibert's gateway.

The following incident of the former Mrs. James Urquhart Potter relates to her sending a note to beautiful much admired and respected Mrs. George Peabody Wetmore, wife of Senator Wetmore from Rhode Island.

Mrs. Wetmore was out when mamma and I were ushered into their Hombourgh apartment.

Mr. Wetmore advanced to greet us saying that Mrs. Wetmore had been suffering with a terrible headache, and had gone walking; since when a note has been sent awaiting her return; a second one has followed, inquiring why had not Mrs. Wetmore answered the invitation tendered through Mrs. Potter by His Majesty King Edward to join him with Mrs. Potter at luncheon; but he said that he was unable to send Mrs. Wetmore's answer until her return.

A third messenger met Mrs. W. as she re-entered her quarters. It was passed out by the indignant Mrs. Potter that Mrs. Wetmore had written that she must decline the luncheon invitation, as she never accepted invitations where other gentlemen were, which did not include her husband.



MRS. GEORGE PEABODY WETMORE  
In Pau-Basse Pyrénées, France. Wife of the Senator from Rhode Island.



His sister Mary, the adorable Duchess of Teck, enthused over the noble and womanly stand which Mrs. Wetmore had taken, which elevated our lovely Mrs. Wetmore to a high standard of New York womanhood, and set a noble example to her compatriots.

We were wont to go into Hamburg at the little 5 P. M. railroad train for seven o'clock operas, returning to Hom-bourg in good time that same night.

We spent some days in the city and stood upon the bridge which divides the old town and the new Ham-burg—a very quaint city on one side, and on the other a bright active new Hamburg.

At night, from the hotel piazza, it presented a lovely scenic effect with myriads of lighted boats and points of moorage and the sky full of stars with a brilliant moon.

There at the hotel we met Mr. and Mrs. de Courcey May, one of the brothers of Mr. Henry May of Baltimore and Washington, the brothers having married the two Misses Coleman. Mrs. May and my mother became so attached to each other that our travels were again deflected to Wiesbaden.

Time was growing short. Old silver inspections and collections filled the last day of our shopping travellers, then to Paris we speeded, collected our completed outfits, caught our steamer, and at last we reached New York.

## CHAPTER LI.

Oh! how hot was the shore atmosphere! Friends in greeting us, advised Bar Harbor.

We obtained a cottage on the road-side—near the beautiful bay—attached by a grape-harbor to the side of the Newport Hotel, where we, my Aunt Helen Jackson, dainty and pretty, with my greatly admired mother established themselves.

This brings back a pretty vivid scene from *opposite*, we thought, just two days after our arrival, comfortably unpacked and settled.

In the night, out of a profound sleep, I awoke. The sound of crackling wood struck my ears, a bright light through the shutter slats,—flames across the narrow street.

There stood, wrapped in flames, a wooden hotel of three stories—a dry old wooden structure.

An Italian workman frankly explained that he had lit his pipe, threw the match on the floor, and fell asleep; and while he heavily slept, a blaze indeed had burst forth which nearly overpowered him.

The wind was toward our cottage—my room faced that way.

Across the corridor and around the circular rail of the stairway I went and awakened both mother and aunt.

In their dark rooms only lighted by the light from the hall I helped them dress, and assisted them down stairs, saying that I would follow soon.

To the beds of each in turn I went and off with a sheet, which I laid upon the floor; I opened the wardrobes and bureau drawers.

Gowns, shoes, coats and parasols, with hats—all—were thrown in with lightening rapidity, tied, and on “my deadly left wrist,” I dragged them along.

Three times in turn and down those stairs I deposited the fruits of my labor upon the piazza.

Then for the *silver*! Back into the steamer trunk I quietly packed it as carefully as my remaining wits helped me to do—for alarming shouts came through the windows—“here’s another ball of fire on the roof.” Five brands fell on our roof in succession while I listened to the sound of ladders being placed at the side of our cottage.

Firemen were taking up blankets soaked in water to lay on our roof.

My aunt had sometimes stated that she would always know just what to do and where to lay her hands on her things of value in case of fire.

I had found that in her haste on this occasion, her waist bag of jewelry had remained quietly hanging on the back of her bedroom chair—I carefully placed it in the silver trunk and dragged that also down stairs.

My wrist for ten days was sore and sadly strained.

Mr. Allen Townsend appeared saying “Your Aunt Helen is safe up at our hotel with mother, and she has saved an ivory hair brush which she tenderly holds in her hand; while I promised to run down and let you know where she is.”

I heard the following morning that at the Newport, flying cinders ignited the roofs and piazza sheds beneath bedroom windows; and that pitchers and basins with the water in them had been thrown out by excited guests. Funny pictures were drawn of excited ladies in various costumes, hopelessly appearing in dread of the worst, only to finally retire and assemble again at late breakfast and compare notes.



A house thief had made his first and only appearance at Bar Harbor.

One of New York's yacht owners had just had his family's cottage piazza-roof painted and oiled—his idea of making it fire-proof.

Oddly enough that rendered it most slippery for a robber, who (after the family with their young lady guest had retired, with lights out) had climbed a trellis and entering that same young lady's room, grabbed up the jewelry on her bureau, which awoke her.

She dashed for the arm of the thief and held on, till through the window, his hasty retreat slid him too quickly off that slippery oiled roof, resulting in a sprained ankle.

The following day he was discovered in hiding, as well as in pain, beneath the piazza of a lady's cottage adjacent to our "Newport Villa."

She tremulously recounted the fact to us saying: "Only think! There I sat at my desk writing letters all that evening, unconscious of *my* danger."

The thief met his deserts.

Witty Mr. Irving Ball of Philadelphia, who was pleased to frequently call and make me his confidante in his courtship of a young lady across at Sorento, appeared the following afternoon with a terrible looking "Wooden Brainer" (he called it) and had painted on it scarlet letters "Burglar Exterminator." Its appearance caused much merriment. He had dug up a tree-root, leaving its sharp points, polished the wood, after scraping it pure white with dashes of black and scarlet, then painted on the following clever verse:

"Thrice is he blest who hath his quarrel just  
But *four* times he who gets his blow in *fust*."

There is a neat cap of silver with a ring through it to hang it by one's bed or fireside, where it rests in my Washington home. I show it to my friends sometimes and have a good laugh over the incident.

Upon my wall also hangs a lovely water-color which he painted of a Bar Harbor nook.

He certainly was deft with his fingers. Out of a piece of oak he carved a long, more than square, box, polished it, had a Bar Harbor jeweller carve four silver topped edges and a tiny silver lock and key; then filled it with ivory, red and blue chips, and packs of cards.

Accompanied by his friend, an orange grove owner from Florida, they taught us the game of boaston, a very clever game.

Most agreeable acquaintances were they to all three of us.

From the orange grove the following winter came a case of luscious fruit.

Mr. Ball married the gifted young lady, who seconds him in all his aims and ambitions. He said that his father was wont to boast that none of his ancestors had ever been "in trade."

## CHAPTER LII.

Two months later, with the vivid memory of my father's superb features and of my Danish cousin, the consul-general from Greece to Denmark, Julius Holmblad, I met his prototype at a delightful Sunday night dinner given by the William Rhinelanders. An extremely handsome man, of soldierly bearing and magnetic blue eyes, was Archibald Gracie, IV, whose resemblance to my aforementioned relatives was startling!

Having granted himself two months' vacation on a return from a number of years of duty spent in the west, Mr. and Mrs. Rhineland and their two sons Oakley and Philip, had persuaded him to pass that period of time with them as their house guest.

Sunday evenings were the only ones for which social engagements and dances could not claim those two sons, as they gave a weekly treat to their parents on that night. Home gatherings brought a number of their chums, who always dropped in later for music and supper. Philip played the piano charmingly. He and his darling young wife (nee Adelaide K<sup>o</sup>p) always entertained us with little informal dancing and supper at their apartment twice a week following the Seventh Regiment drills, which all their chums attended.

They were sure to meet at these Sunday evening reunions, Philip Livingston, Andrew Bibby, the Wainwright brothers and jolly Mr. Henry Trevor, then courting his wife to be.

For thirty days, luncheons, including both girls and our young men; afternoon teas, and musicales, dinner parties opera box-parties, followed by cotillions in which figures



MISS MARY BARBEY

Married to Mr. Alfred Seton 3 Months Before Gracies and Whose Bridal  
Veil Miss S. Wore.



were bestowed—lovely souvenirs—followed in quick succession.

All these gatherings threw Archibald Gracie and me continually together until his host inquired of him one night: "Are you going Schacking this evening?" which he laughingly repeated to me. We played indoor-tennis at our Badminton Club; and one afternoon just prior to Colonel Gracie's offering himself, he was standing down at the end of the opposite court with a young lady partner, Mr. John Hadden and I for doubles at the top of the court. Mr. Hadden had finished his service, and it was my turn to take the balls, but so enthusiastic was he that with his unusually long arms he whanged back his own racket in my face so desirous to retrieve the opponent's ball played to me. Deep into the side of my brow and bone between the eyes cut his deadly racket blow. The blood poured down my face and shirtwaist.

Promptly I called for hot water to cleanse it out and stop the flow of gore, so that the lips of the wound might absolutely meet. They did, but the bone-cut has left a long indention like a deep one line frown, a mark for life.

Preparation for, and the wedding itself, occurred on the 22nd of April, 1890, in Calvary Episcopal Church, wherein my grandfather, with his four neighbor chums, had subscribed for their pew, while watching its stone pillars and construction in process of erection, namely: Messrs. Lawrence Whittemore, Samuel Baldwin, Samuel Bradhurst and Dr. Heath.

Those five friends had also purchased lots beside each other, and had their houses of brown stone in East 25th Street built in a row. With eighteen heads for each house, placed on the top sides of every door and of each window all the way up—carved out of brown stone, rep-



representing the head and covering of Dante, Plutarch, Nero, and 12 Roman Emperors, Shakespeare, etc. Two heads of which, after the beloved home of our grandfather was sold with the others and taken down, I had encased and freighted to Washington, D. C., and inserted in the stone architrave on either side of our front door, 1527 Sixteenth Street.

In Calvary Church then, we two, Archibald Gracie and Constance Elise Schack, presented ourselves before Bishop Saterlee, assisted by Bishop Darlington.

As the question was put to the soldierly groom "Wilt thou," a prompt and loud "I will" resounded down through the church aisle, and a startling remark from a relative later was:

"The way that the groom answered 'I will' showed that he wanted you badly, Constance!"

I, at that time being in deep mourning for my recently lost brother Rudolph Wilhelm Schack, could only write informal *notes* of invitation to two hundred families of our *most* intimate New York friends. To occupy, as we supposed, twenty long pews on either side at the top of the huge church. Instead of which, the kind friends and acquaintances crowded to the doors pushing past our ushers insisting, they said: "We *will* see Constance Schack married!" And the church to our amazement was packed with smiling faces and every one attired in their best.

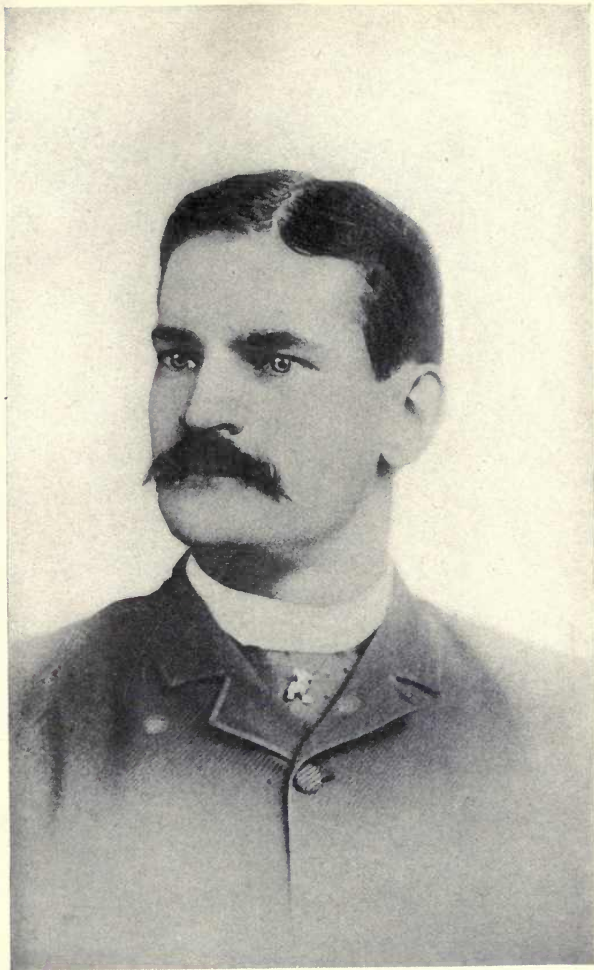
Also were we surprised and touched at our invited 200, for each of those families sent a handsome gift, and eleven beautiful silver tributes came from Sweden and Denmark.

Their Majesties had permitted the court jeweller to reproduce their Danish tankard without the jewels around its bowl but finely raised traceries instead—lined with gold—and presented by my uncle and aunt Etatsraad and



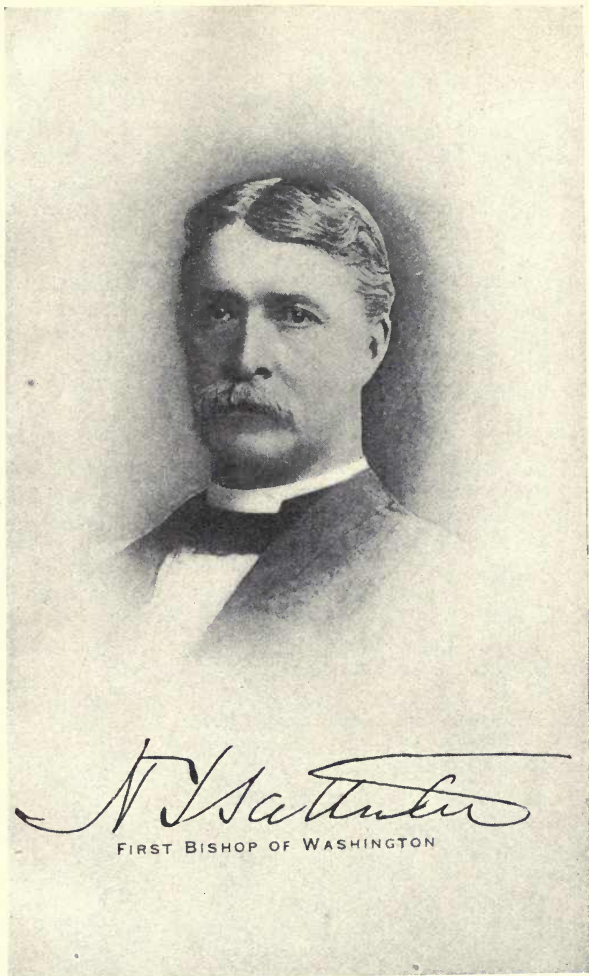


MISS CONSTANCE SCHACK  
When Engaged to Archibald Gracie, November, 1889.



ARCHIBALD GRACIE IV  
On His Bridal Day to Miss Schack.





Who Assisted Bishop Darlington—United Miss Constance Schack to  
Archibald Gracie IV, in Calvary Church, New York  
City, April 22, 1890.





Etatsraadine Holmblad—Cousin Julius and his wife—these four. It was a beautiful souvenir!

When we mysteriously told the ushers, who escorted us to the carriage, that we were going to British possessions and that our coachman knew where to convey us, they exclaimed, "Oh! we know—to Canada—Canada!"

Not so, though; Sir Roderick Cameron was a British subject.

He and his generous hospitable family had placed their lovely country seat "Clifton Barley" at Staten Island, at our disposal for a six weeks' wedding trip, and reaching there, the evening papers were handed to us with the headlines which read: "Beauty hard to win, surrenders at discretion to Archibald Gracie."

Among the wedding gifts Mr. and Mrs. John C. Wilmerding had sent from his choice wine cellar a bottle of "Archibald Gracie" Madeira, brought over in cases by my husband's great-grandfather, Archibald Gracie I, whose merchant ships plied the seas, and the ship which was laden with these cases was named after him. His friends in New York had bought up all the said cases, of which that one remaining bottle owned by Mr. Wilmerding came to us, and was opened in the presence of our little family wedding group, and drunk in small libations with reverence and gusto.

A son of Mr. Edward Bell, also of old New York, ere he died, sent my husband a courtly note with Mr. Gordon Bell's "affectionate regards" and his own "last bottle of rare old Archibald Gracie Madeira" which he suggested should be kept for our daughter's wedding celebration.

Of all my four babies my fourth lived to be married, and the sacred ceremony presided over by our faithful friend in sorrow and in joy—the Right Reverend Bishop Darlington—in response to his own special request so soon as he learned of her engagement.

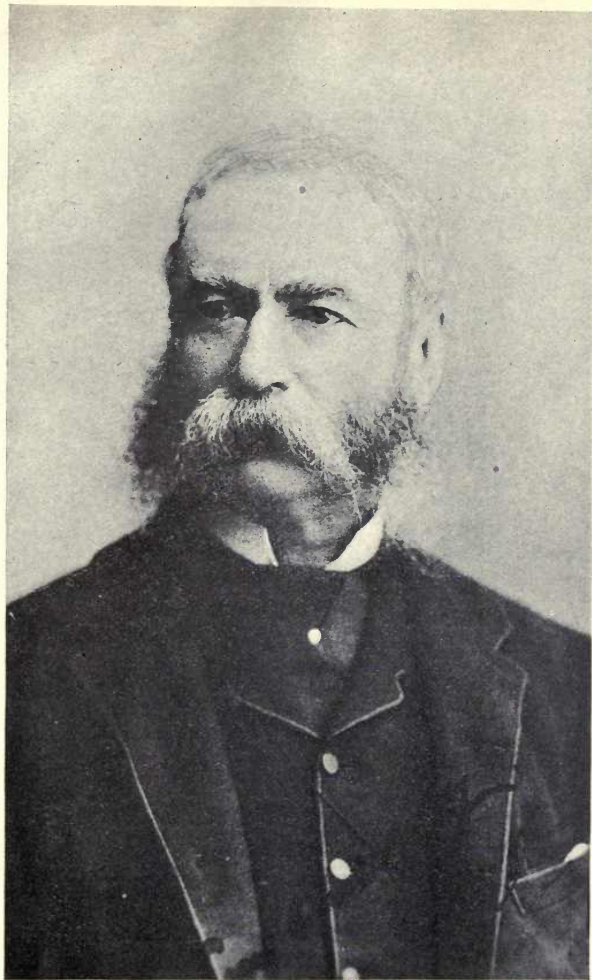
The fair young great-granddaughter received from my hand the last bottle of Archibald Gracie Madeira within the quiet of our library room. She filled the wine glasses on the tray and lifted each one in turn, handed it with a grace all her own, first to me and her fiance, then to her Matron of Honor, Mrs. Harry Flood, and to her bridesmaids, our house guests. The liquid amber glistened as with pretty thought she passed her bridegroom's wrist within her own, and they with glass in hand gazing into each other's eyes partook of the ancestral vintage of the seventeen hundreds.

Finally arrayed in her wedding gown and point lace (inherited from the Temple side of my mother's family and loaned by her beautiful Aunt Augusta Temple Schack Dutton), my child sent Mrs. Harry Flood to summon me to her side.

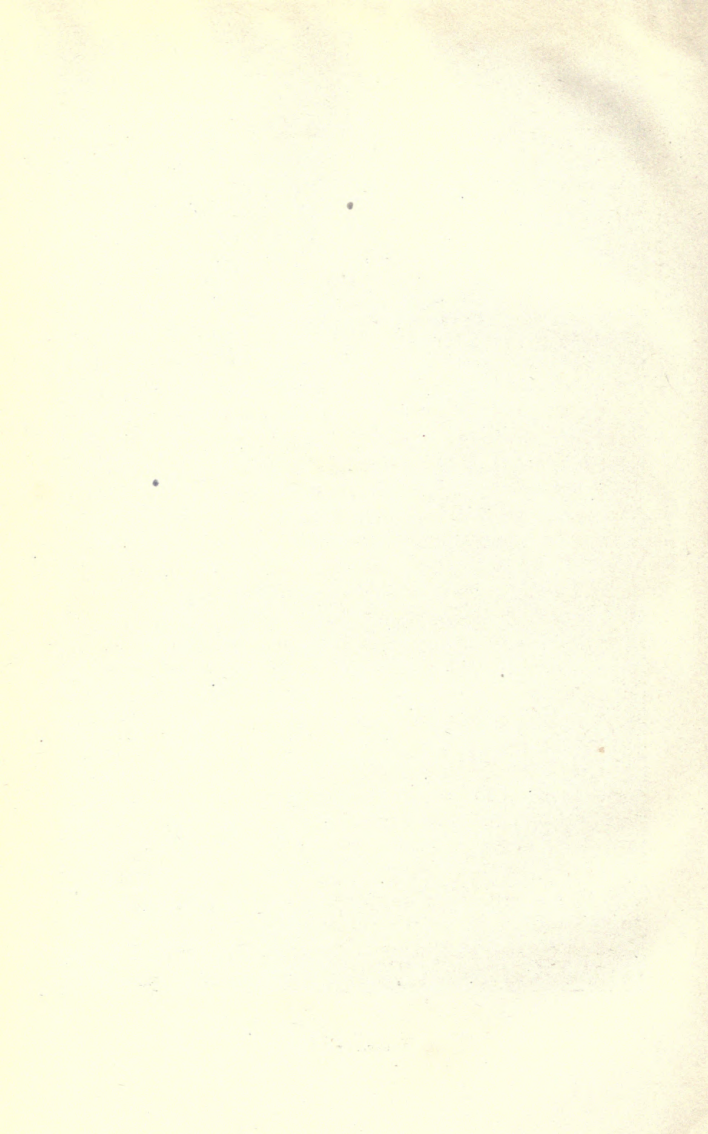
In the center of our 1527 Sixteenth Street drawing room a vision of loveliness with gentle modesty upon her face stood before me—and a tender voice spoke: "I sent for you mamma to say 'good-bye'; when you see me again I will no longer be Edith Gracie."

These words rang in my ears as a sweetly original thought, and I tenderly embraced my precious child.

Arriving at Washington's most beautiful St. Thomas Church, my pew, the first on the left, was also occupied by fine old Admiral J. Edgar Craig, and our devoted friend ~~Reese~~ Cassard, who persuaded me to write this book and have it published. He, with his music-loving <sup>soul</sup> sat there with head bowed listening to our darling's organ selections of Faust, Aida's triumphal march, and all the overtures which she knew had been played at her parents' wedding, were being played to a full church assemblage of friends, who awaited the signal for the arrival of the bridal cortege. My daughter had selected the same service



SIR RODERICK CAMERON, OF CLIFTON BARLEY  
Who Placed His Estate at Archibald's Disposal for Our Six Weeks'  
Honeymoon, April 22nd.



that her mother had for *her* wedding entrance at Calvary Church, New York. The scene of her mother (bereft of her *own* father) walking up alone, and the pealing forth of our Danish-Swedish wedding march was repeated. The ushers—Rev. Harry Darlington and ~~Harries~~ Taylor, Jr., Lieuts. Jack Tunstall and Louis Slade, Lindell Bates and Mr. Smythe—were followed by bridesmaids Adrienne Isslin and Mary Millett, Marie Louise Peckham<sup>Helena</sup>-Blodgett, Catherine Culver and Katherine Peterson.

Last came the tall fair bride!

Arrayed in my own white brocaded Worth wedding gown, she glided up the aisle like a swan, as Mrs. General Barnett described it, with a tremulous smile on her lips, as, up at the altar she noted Bishop Darlington beside her childhood's<sup>old</sup> pastor, Rector of St. Thomas' Church, the Rev. Dr. C. Ernest Smith, smiling encouragement to her and her young awaiting husband, who with his best man, Mr. ———, appeared at the altar steps.

Down he dashed to her side, and taking her lily-white hand led her before the Bishop.

"Who giveth this woman in marriage?"

Again was the scene of long ago repeated. I stepped forward and placed her hand in that of the groom, just as my own loved mother had given my hand to Archibald Gracie IV.

"I now pronounce you man and wife," was climaxed by the groom suddenly encircling the bride with his arm and implanting a whole-souled kiss upon her truly perfect "cupid-bow" mouth.

The organ's exultant tones pealed forth, as down the aisle came the beaming couple, a love-glance at me, her throbbing-hearted mother.



"There's Aunt Cassie," (Mrs. Julia Jones) whispered the bride to Dunbar Adams her husband—and "Aunt Cassie's smilingly nodded her greeting, for she loved them both.

All down their path fond eyes spoke to theirs until their exit.

That was a famous reception at Rauscher's. Harris & Ewing's artist photographer had placed his apparatus distant from the dais upon which they were to stand after the ceremony and as they placed themselves upon it and the groom gazed earnestly upon her, she modestly drooped her head and snap went the camera.

A marvelous picture was produced on the instant. A very large sized one rests in front of my drawing room folding doors.

After all guests had been received and welcomed by myself at Rauscher's reception room and at the bridal dais, the wondrously handsome pair stepped into the ballroom. As he led her to the top in front of the stage of musicians, the waltz music rang out. All dancers suddenly cleared the floor, and gathering across her arm the court train of her gown—a princess—she appeared, of lovely grace, with whom her proud husband danced down the length of the floor and ceased only at the end of those entrancing musical strains.

All is finally over and they have flown off.



MRS. EDITH TEMPLE GRACIE ADAMS  
On Her Wedding Day.



FOR RELATIVES—IN SWEDEN, DENMARK, PAU, FRANCE,  
ENGLAND.

Her title <sup>Kammerherinde</sup> ~~Etatsraadinde~~ Gravenhorst Lovenstjerne,  
Helsingborg, Skane, Sweden.

Le Baron et Baroness Waldemar Ehrensvard,  
Helsingborg, Skane, Sweden.

Le Captain et Mdme. Sturc Brunnstrom,  
at "Stureholm Station Royale," Sweden.

Mdme. Le Capitaine Gustaf Gravenhorst Lovenst-  
jerne, au soin de <sup>Kammerherinde</sup> ~~Etatsraadinde~~ Graven-  
horst Lovenstjerne,  
Helsingborg, Skane, Sweden.

Le Capitain et Mdme. Kaufman,  
Amager, Amagsbro, Danemark.

Mdme. Harriet Holmblad.

Lauritz Holmblad.

Mdme. Andreas Holmblad et famille,  
Kjobenhavn, Danemark.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Henning Fabbricius au soin Mdme.  
Andreas Holmblad,  
Kjobenhavn, Danemark.

Comte et Comtesse Marius de Gallifet au soin de,  
Capt. et Mdme. George de Tuite, Pau, Basses  
Pyrenees, France.

Miss Elizabeth Steele,  
Gen. and Mrs. Julian Steele,  
Gen. and Mrs. George Steele,  
Col. and Mrs. Chas Steele.

Care of Miss Elizabeth Steele, 70 Eaton Square,  
London, England.



## ERRATA

- Page 47, line 1; should be son, not son-in-law.  
 Page 58, line 28; Euterpe should be capitalized.  
 Page 59, line 1; should be key-pattern, not key-picture.  
 Page 59, line 3; should be barege, not barige.  
 Page 65, line 7; should be Mme. Don Bern Ard's, not Bernerd's.  
 Page 69, line 13; should be corrected, not correctly.  
 Page 72, line 21; should be my dear sister, not now dead.  
 Page 79, line 15; should be shatter her life, not my life.  
 Page 82, line 15; should be observed by all, not to all.  
 Page 98, line 24; should be Mlle., not Mme. de Liancourt.  
 Page 98, line 31; should be the Count, not court.  
 Page 99, Portrait of Mr. Henry May, not Mag.  
 Page 101, line 1; should be hidden in the wing, not ring.  
 Page 102, line 7; should be Ogston, not Agston.  
 Page 104, line 10; should be starting, not startling.  
 Page 108, line 21; should be Balmacan, not Balmaean.  
 Page 109, Portrait of Constance Elise, not Elsie.  
 Page 114, line 3; should be statues, not statutes.  
 Page 114, line 8; should be sculpture, not sculture.  
 Page 115, line 14; should be stunning, not stuning.  
 Page 119, line 4; should be Mme. Charles, not Mr. William.  
 Page 130, line 12; should be he, not she.  
 Page 130, line 13; should be Schack, not Shack.  
 Page 151, line 11; should be medaillon, not midailon.  
 Page 167, line 5; should be tipling, not tipling.  
 Page 167, line 6; should be it was a very, not it was very.  
 Page 178, line 14; should be guests and host, not guest.  
 Page 184, line 13; should be sword and sash, not lash.  
 Page 201, line 10; should be Nijni Novgorod, not 'rad.  
 Page 202, line 6; should be Droske, not Draske.  
 Page 202, line 13; should be Droskes, not Draskes.  
 Page 203, line 4; should be from, not rom.  
 Page 203, line 7; should be in claw-shaped, not clan.  
 Page 212, line 18; should be Porphory, not Porphony.  
 Page 215, line 2; should be yaux, not e.  
 Page 215, line 11; should be divorcee, not divorce.  
 Page 223, line 3; should be dragged, not draged.  
 Page 223, line 6; should be remaining, not remianing.  
 Page 223, line 8; should be alarming, not alrming.  
 Page 226, line 20; should be Kip, not Kep.  
 Page 238, line 27; should be Reese Cassard, not Bessie.  
 Page 238, line 28; should be his music-loving soul (soul being omitted).  
 Page 241, line 5; should be Harris, not Harries.  
 Page 241, line 9; should be Helen Blodgett, 1st was ommitted.  
 Page 241, line 16; should be childhood's, not childhod.  
 Page 242, line 1; should be Julian James, not Julian Jones.  
 245 " 3 Kammerherren not 245 made 1.















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